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THE PERILS OF AMBIGUITY

THOSE who hoped that the foreign affairs debate last week would mark a notable advance in the Government's foreign policy may be disappointed. The Foreign Secretary's statement, blessing a Western Union, was unimpeachable; but it enabled Mr. Churchill to argue quite disingenuously that it signalled the final conversion of the Labour Government to the principles of the Fulton speech and of his own United Europe movement. This, indeed, was the interpretation unanimously placed on the statement not only by the Russian, but also by the American press. Mr. Attlee's notable reply to the debate, which contradicted the whole Churchillian philosophy and gave to Western Union a constructive Socialist framework, came too late to repair the damage. Even so friendly and well-informed a paper as the *New York Herald Tribune* came to the conclusion:

> A year ago there was still a strong body which held that Britain could occupy a middle ground between the Soviet Union and the United States, and might even in concert with the other democracies of Western Europe help bridge the gap between those two World Powers. The basis for such a policy no longer exists, and Mr. Bevin's statement of this hard fact will therefore meet with no serious opposition.

This delusion derives from the belief that Mr. Churchill, though outside the Cabinet, has remained the architect of British foreign policy. For good relations with America no less than with Russia, the implied estimate of the Labour Government's integrity and strength is wholly harmful. Russian intransigence has been strengthened by the belief, first, that Mr. Churchill would win the 1945 election; secondly, that the Labour Government was a Churchill Government in disguise; and thirdly, by the somewhat contradictory fear that it would be replaced by a Churchill Government in 1950. Last week's debate will have strengthened the arguments of those "realists" in the Kremlin who have always maintained that the Socialist middle way in Western Europe was merely a smoke-screen to disguise the fact of American domination. In Washington, the belief in a mythical "Bevin-Churchill axis" will weaken the hands of all those who are trying to liberalise E.R.P. and to prevent the Marshall Plan from degenerating into the Churchillian policy of military containment whose bluff and sterility Mr. Lippmann has so brilliantly exposed.

But what matters in the last resort is not what Washington or Moscow *think* the Labour Government means, but what the Labour Government *actually* means. Were Mr. Churchill and Mr. Zilliacus right last week, the one in praising and the other in condemning Mr. Bevin for accepting the Truman Doctrine? Or did Mr. Attlee indicate the Government's real policy when he asserted his belief that only the dynamic idea of Socialism can fashion a Western Union and defeat the Communist challenge? Has the Cabinet a collective mind, and a stable policy either on this issue or on the practical steps for implementing Mr. Bevin's vague declarations?

To these questions, unfortunately, there can be no answer. But one thing is certain. It would be disastrous to assume the worst and to act on that assumption. The fault of the Cabinet is not that it has adopted a strong anti-Russian line, but that its line is ambiguous. It is this ambiguity which Mr. Churchill so skilfully exploits in each foreign affairs debate, creating the impression that he is at once the originator of British policy and the leader of an Opposition loyally supporting a Government which has taken its own decisions.

The peculiar difficulty which confronts the constructive critic is that there is no sharp dividing line between the policy of military containment and a genuinely Socialist approach to Western Union. The issue is not between pro- and anti-Americans, still less between collective security and appeasement. No sensible person denies either that we must hope for assistance under E.R.P., or rely to some extent on military strength in negotiating with Russia. No one expects a Socialist Western Union, entirely independent of the U.S.A., to be created full-grown by the act of a constituent assembly. The differences which will decide the issue of our survival are differences of aim and emphasis. They colour every detailed decision, but at the time of the decision they never appear as matters of principle. Only cumulatively do they add up to a fateful policy decision.

What was disturbing about last week's debate was less that it was misinterpreted in Moscow and Washington, than that it indicated a continuance of ambiguity in the conduct of our foreign affairs. The Government is naturally obsessed by our economic and military weakness. But far too often it fails to take courage from the strength of our position as the one stable element in Western Europe, and the largest market for the exports of both the anti-Communist and the Communist world. With real faith in the social revolution which, as Mr. Attlee reminded us last week, is being carried out in this country, and with real conviction of our ability to lead in the reconstruction of Western Europe, the Labour Government would not feel the need of Mr. Churchill's approval, and could once again speak to both America and Russia as a Power in its own right.

M. Mayer and His Critics

In a leading article we examine the motives and demerits, from the standpoint of capitalist economics, of M. Mayer's plan for devaluing the franc and establishing a free internal market for gold. The question remains why the Finance Minister insisted on a scheme which not merely threatened to kill the chances of Anglo-French economic collaboration, but was bound to arouse serious opposition in the Assembly. He was doubtless ready to ignore criticism from the Communists, who attacked the plan from the outset as "appeasement" of hoarders and speculators at the expense of the workers, whose living standards would be hit by the rise in import prices. But did he reckon on opposition from the Socialists, whose objections are that, even if devaluation proves of assistance to exports, the free gold market is an undesirable move away from a controlled, planned economy? As we go to press, it looks as if the Socialist Party's reluctance to support a measure to which Socialist Ministers

in the Cabinet are committed may be circumvented by making a Decree (not requiring the Assembly's affirmative vote) the authority for the free gold market. But, even if this eases Socialist consciences, we are left with the impression that M. Mayer deliberately chose to put M. Blum and his supporters in a dilemma. If they voted against the plan, they could be accused of wrecking the stability of a Centre, "Third Force" Government, and playing into the hands of Right and Left extremists. If they followed their Right-wing Cabinet leaders in endorsing the currency manœuvre, they would be saddled with all its unpopular effects. A further instalment is being paid of the price for the Socialists' error in entering the Schuman administration.

Non-Intervention in Palestine

The diplomatic negotiations with Iraq and Trans-Jordan have been taking place at a time when Arab guerrilla bands, equipped with British arms, are openly crossing the Palestine frontier to oppose by force the United Nations' decision. We learn that the Palestine Administration has now made a formal protest to the adjacent States; but there is nothing to suggest that Mr. Bevin, in his talks with Arab politicians, is displaying any violent indignation at this armed intervention in British-controlled territory. The contrast between his attitude to these Arab warriors and to the guerrillas under General Markos in Northern Greece is very illuminating. In the case of Greece, there is no evidence of actual intervention by the neighbouring States: in the case of Palestine the evidence is beyond dispute, and is not denied by the Arab Governments. Yet while he denounces the Greek civil war and the encouragement of it from beyond the frontier as a danger to world peace and to democratic principles, Mr. Bevin maintains an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards the intervention of the Arab League in Palestine. British arms continue to be supplied to the States which are organising the guerrillas, and treaty negotiations are carried on with two of them as though nothing unusual were happening.

Mr. Bevin and the Arab League

The disowning of the Treaty of Portsmouth by the Iraq Regent was followed by a confident statement in the House by the Foreign Secretary that all would be well when the Iraqi Prime Minister got back to Baghdad. But once again the lamentable shortcomings of our diplomatic and military Intelligence in the Middle East have been exposed. The violent overthrow of the pro-British Cabinet shows that little has changed in Iraq since 1941, when the dishonouring of treaty negotiations by Rashid Ali nearly brought about our defeat. The fact is that the appeasement of the Arab States has been no more effective in 1948 than it was in 1939. British abdication of responsibility in Palestine, though it may be calculated to assist the Arabs, does not impress them with our strength. It merely increases nationalist xenophobia directed not merely against the Zionists but against all Westerners. This is still the motive force of the Pan-Arab movement. Meanwhile in Palestine itself both sides are preparing for war and using the intermittent skirmishes as training for the "big day." In New York the unfortunate Five-man Commission is being subjected to extraordinary pressure. The British are not unsuccessfully trying to delay as long as possible its arrival in Palestine. The Jews are pressing, though without much conviction, for an international police force. Their best hope is that the Security Council will authorise the arming of the Haganah. The State Department as usual is stalling; and the Russians are waiting for the moment when they can intervene to expose—this time with plenty of evidence—the machinations of the Western Powers, and even perhaps to offer the good offices of the Red Army to enforce the authority of Uno.

Left Unity in Italy

It was a foregone conclusion that the Rome Congress of the Italian Socialist Party would endorse in general terms the policy of a united Democratic Popular Front at the April elections. There was, however, some doubt whether the Congress would vote in favour of a single electoral list. This was opposed both by Guiseppe Romita and Matteo Lombardo on two grounds—first, that united electoral lists might scare middle-class Socialists into the Christian Democrat camp, and, secondly, that after the elections the Socialists, but not the Communists, might be called on to form a Government. These arguments were swept aside by Nenni and the veteran Socialist leader, Sandro Pertini, who seem to have convinced the Congress that, with an American fleet in Taranto, U.S. imperialism could be resisted only by the closest possible solidarity of the Left. In the end, the decision to fight the election on a united list with the Communist Party was taken by an overwhelming majority.

The Films Bill

The most important feature of the debate on the second reading of the Films Bill was Harold Wilson's announcement of a committee of inquiry into the distribution and exhibition of films. The committee will be called upon to examine the monopolistic tendency, the position of the independent cinema owner, and the practice of the booking of films by circuits en bloc, instead of by individual cinemas. In addition, attention will be paid to the independent producer, with the possibility that a Films Bank may be provided to assist him. This move shows clearly the Government's awareness of the limitations of the present Films Bill and is a welcome sign of the intention to deal with the industry's top-heavy structure. Indeed, throughout the debate, Wilson, in introducing his first Bill as President of the Board of Trade, displayed a pleasing willingness to listen to suggestions from all quarters. He was aided by the non-controversial approach of the Opposition, who reflected the City's dislike of the Bank organisation, although praising it for its attempts to secure a wider market for British films in America. The declaration by Lyttelton that his party would stand by the Government in the attitude it had taken up over the 75 per cent. ad valorem tax was helpful, if a little surprising, as the dollar saving on films is roughly equivalent to that on the abolition of basic petrol. However, it will convince Hollywood, inclined to regard itself as a sovereign power, that there is no hope of making the Government climb down; and that the only approach likely to be fruitful is a compromise one which will allow British films into the U.S.A. in larger numbers. There was some dispute over the wisdom of not including minimum starting quotas in the Bill. The President's point that it would be more satisfactory to wait until the time came to issue the appropriate Order, and then fix the quota according to the quantity of films in production, is outweighed by the desirability of providing an early target on which production can be planned. Other issues that will come up in the Committee stage are the exemption from the quota of cinemas taking under £100 a week, the need to protect documentaries and second features more adequately, and representation on the Films Council. Cinemas with the smallest average takings are usually the most difficult to persuade to take British films. As there are 800 of these cinemas and they are mainly in isolated areas, this is bad both for consumers and producers, and the Government will be hard put to it to make a case for excluding them. To prevent a flood of cheap second features and documentaries for quota purposes, the solution would seem to be to raise the minimum labour costs from 10s. a foot to £1. Finally, at a time when the consumer's voice ought to be heard more, it would appear to be a mistake to reduce the number of independent representatives on the Films Council from eleven to five.

PARLIAMENT: Platonic Union?

Wednesday

A HEAVY spirit lay on the House during the foreign affairs debate—a pre-war mood. For over two years, Britain had been without an established enemy. Now the enemy was defined and named; henceforward, the need for innuendo, euphemism and circumlocution was past. The Foreign Secretary, in the first paragraph of his speech, said that it was the policy of the Soviet Union to get Communist control of the whole of Europe; it was the first principle of British policy to prevent it from doing so.

Mr. Bevin spoke like a disappointed but determined man, tired of temporising, appeasing and "making arrangements." For the most part, Members heard sympathetically his narrative of failure to reach agreement with Russia. The rumour that the Tories would show their impatience with the Foreign Secretary's dogged diplomacy did not become a fact. Only Mott-Radclyffe ventured to accuse him of being "pushed round by events." Perhaps in anticipation of such an attack, the Foreign Secretary produced his two aces—the project of Western Union, and the Anglo-Iraq Treaty, a link in Middle-Eastern Union.

The Treaty would have excited more enthusiasm, had it not been for what Mr. Bevin called "some misunderstanding in Baghdad." As it was, the House welcomed it with the polite credence given to a fisherman's story of the "one that got away." The project of Western Union, by contrast, was greeted at the outset with a sense of relief and fulfilment by all except the Communists. To the Tories it meant an extension of Fulton; to the Socialists it meant a positive alternative to Communism—the Social-democratic grouping which the Prime Minister had forecast.

Zilliacus promptly called the idea an American-inspired scheme to use Britain and Western Europe as an instrument of America's policy. In this speech, free from the excessive documentation of his previous speeches, he won the full attention of the House, and dropped some salt into the open consciences of many Labour front and back-benchers.

The doctrine of Western Union will obviously soon have its heretics and schismatics, all claimants to the true faith. Among the Tory back-benchers, from Nutting to Beamish, there seemed little idea that it meant anything but a negative alliance against Russia. Tufton Beamish, a Red-hunter with the habit of tripping over his gun, stalked down a dangerous fellow called Leonard Woolf into his Fabian lair; took a "pot" at him; missed; and hit the Foreign Secretary with the charge that he was following a Socialist foreign policy.

This indiscretion by one of his younger followers didn't prevent Churchill from declaring his full support for the Foreign Secretary, the "man on the labouring oar." Churchill's concept of European Union as a military alliance against Russia based on spiritual kinship, was not at all what most Labour supporters of Western Union meant by it. Crossman spoke for the great majority of the Party who associate themselves with the Prime Minister's view of Britain's place in the world, when he said that Western Europe must work not as an anti-Soviet conspiracy but as a genuine independent Western Union, friendly with both the great non-European powers. Paradoxically enough, the main support in the Labour Party which the Foreign Secretary has for Western Union comes from those who now accept the Crossman thesis of an organised "Third" influence in world affairs.

It was a relief, during the debate, to turn from the opposites of Gallacher and H. G. Strauss to the moderate speeches of Shawcross and Crawley. Gallacher, who voted for the American loan, is in a weak position when he rants at the Marshall Plan. Strauss, who buttonholes the House and talks into its face, would more effectively damn Communism if he showed more confidence in the strength of democracy. Shawcross and Crawley both asked that the still empty canvas of Western Union should be filled in with the Foreign Secretary's design.

The debate that began in darkness ended with a glint of light. The Prime Minister, summing up, reaffirmed his belief that the social revolution can be brought about by peaceful and democratic means.

MAURICE EDELMAN

THE HUNGRY SHEEP

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." The words admirably describe the flocks of consumers everywhere in the post-war world. But the consumer has had a raw deal for years, long before the war. Ever since the Communist Manifesto, critics of the capitalist system have concentrated upon the exploitation of the workers; but with the change from competitive to monopolist capitalism, the consumer began to be exploited even more ruthlessly than the producer. The worker at least has his union and the protection of collective bargaining; the unorganised consumers must take what they are given. The measure of their exploitation can be seen in the vindictiveness with which big business persecutes the Co-operative Movement, the only successful large-scale organisation of consumers.

It has been suggested in these columns that, with increasing socialisation, which means the substitution of State for private monopoly, there is need for a Minister to represent the consumer. The need is urgent for the very reason that it is appreciated by so few. If Socialism is to grow into something better than a rather drab imitation of the world of Woolworths and third-class railway carriages, there must be a complete revolution in our conception of the object of production and the provision of services. We are so corrupted by capitalism that we think it necessary and natural to make things, to run railways and buses, to provide electricity and gas in order to dupe or swindle the consumer into providing the maximum profit to some individual or corporate person, called a company or National Board. We have got to educate ourselves and our Government Departments to see that the primary object of the economic system must be to provide goods and services of the highest quality at the cheapest price for the consumer. A Minister whose duty it would be to educate the Departments by continually representing the consumer and showing where his particular needs can be met, or are not being considered, might be a powerful instrument for beginning the revolution.

Let us look at some places in which he might act. The idea that private enterprise has always protected the interests of the consumer and that he immediately becomes a victim when the State bureaucracy is substituted for the philanthropic capitalist is a propagandist myth sedulously propagated by the Tory and the capitalist. It is completely untrue. The railways are a very good example. They have been run for 100 years or more as private monopolies. They have been run —often with remarkable inefficiency—for the sole purpose of making a profit, with practically no consideration for the comfort or even convenience of travellers. Just so much is done for the traveller, and no more, which will prevent him saying: "I won't use your disgusting trains at all." Hence the first-class passenger is given the bare minimum of comfort which will induce him to pay double fare because compared with the squalor of third class it looks like luxury. Even before the war the third-class passenger almost always had to travel in bare, ugly, sordid, crowded carriages. The Consumer's Minister might begin here and insist upon the designing and building of comfortable, convenient, and beautiful—yes, beautiful—third-class carriages.

He can go on to other things. Ninety-nine stations out of one hundred throughout the country are not only incredibly dreary and ugly, but nothing of any sort or kind is done for the traveller's comfort. They are bare, elongated sheds, open to all the winds and most of the rain and snow of heaven; there is not one comfortable seat in any of them and such uncomfortable seats as are provided are inadequate for the number of persons habitually waiting for trains. The only "waiting rooms" are small, dark, hideous, and dirty; they are capable usually of accommodating four or five passengers sitting on wooden benches and perhaps ten standing. Their standard of comfort is that of a prison cell or a draughty dog kennel. It is no exaggeration to say that for six months of the year in our English climate to have to wait for more than five minutes on any ordinary platform is to suffer intolerable discomfort.

There is no reason why the Consumer's Minister should not induce the Minister of Transport to make all State railway-stations comfortable and pleasing places for the waiting passenger. He should also turn his attention to the organisation of the service, which, from the passenger's point of view, is almost as deficient as the accommodation. The service for handling the traveller's luggage has been slovenly and chaotic even at termini, and at ports is deplorable; at most of the other stations it hardly exists. The railway companies have apparently never realised that the traveller wishes to be certain that he is in the right train, for in most cases the train has on it no clear indication of its destination, and never of the principal stations at which it is going to stop. Surely even a moderately efficient railway service would see to it that on a train leaving Victoria for Brighton there were boards showing clearly that its destination was Brighton and that the intermediate stopping places were, say, East Croydon, Three Bridges, and Haywards Heath. These are the kind of elementary things connected with the consumer's convenience, disregarded by private enterprise, which the Minister must deal with in a socialised service.

What applies to railways applies also to other forms of transport, to electricity, gas, and all public services. Under the system of private monopoly they seem to have been organised and run by persons who never under any circumstances used them—the reason, of course, being that they were organised primarily for making a profit and secondarily for the convenience of employees. The Minister should himself use them and observe the relation of their organisation to the needs of himself as a consumer. He will see at once that the whole basis of the organisation requires to be turned upside down. Let him experimentally, for instance, try to get by omnibus from Liverpool Street to Putney. He will find that the buses do not run in order to transport human beings as comfortably and efficiently as possible from one place to another, but in order that a vehicle containing a driver and conductor may leave one garage at a certain time, follow a prescribed schedule, and arrive at another garage punctually according to schedule. The passenger is treated either as a necessary evil or as an unnecessary obstruction to the smooth working of the "schedule."

We have dealt here with State services and we have given a few examples to show the kind of thing which a Consumer's Minister should deal with. It would be possible to fill pages with such examples. We have not the space to deal with the still wider field of the provision and distribution of commodities. But in that field the need for representation of the consumer's interest is no less urgent. The more control that the State acquires over production and distribution, the more necessary it becomes to ensure that the economic system is run, not to provide "work" for men and machines, but in order that men and machines provide consumers with goods which they need or want to consume. But to ensure that will require an economic and psychological revolution. The place where it might well begin is the office of a Minister for the Consumer.

THE FRANC—AND THE MORAL

Franc devaluation was ultimately inevitable. The franc was neither worth, nor in the least likely to be worth, the price at which it was officially valued in dollars or in sterling or in the other leading currencies. It would buy much less; nor was there any prospect of a fall in French prices that would restore its purchasing power. On the same basis of argument it would be entirely wrong to devalue sterling; for there is no evidence at all that sterling will buy less than other currencies at the present official rates of exchange. Why, then, it may be asked, is there a black market in pound notes in New York and elsewhere, with pounds obtainable at a much lower rate in dollars than the official exchange? For the simple reason that, under the existing conditions, the "free" rate is determined, not by what the respective currencies will buy in goods or services, but by the sheer scarcity of dollars and the comparative plenty of pounds.

If the demand for dollars, the demand for sterling, and the demand for francs were balanced, as at one time they used to be, "free" rates would settle down more or less in accordance with the respective purchasing power. A rise in prices in America would cause dollars to be worth less in terms of other currencies—of course, this is on the assumption of no fixed exchange rates or gold parities—unless prices rose to an equal extent elsewhere. But, as matters stand to-day, American prices can rise sharply without any effect on the exchange value of the dollar; and this rate depends simply on supply and demand without any relation to the purchasing power of money in the United States.

This is a crazy situation, and it would be quite wrong to blame the French simply for "lapsing from financial orthodoxy" in trying to meet it. Straight devaluation, M. Mayer argued, would not have been a complete remedy; for under the existing conditions there is no way of deciding what the right level for devaluation is. The franc's internal purchasing power is a mixture of legal and black market prices which none can disentangle; nor can anyone say at what level French prices would settle down if the Government was successful in reducing the black market to a manageable size. Moreover, even if the French price level could be assured, the rate of exchange between franc and dollar would not, for reasons already given, be derivable from it.

These are the reasons why France has followed Italy in adopting, for the time being, a double exchange standard, with a "free" market side by side with the market at the new official rate. The new official rate is experimental: the free rate is designed partly to test out the maintainability of the new official rate, but much more to supplement the new rate in helping French exports and, above all, in bringing out French private hoards of gold and foreign exchange. It will, if it does this, have the large defect of rewarding the "bad boys" who have been hoarding gold and foreign exchange in face of the national crisis; but it is a matter for the French, and not for us, to decide whether it is a good thing to reward hoarders and black market operators at the honest man's expense. The French Government's action is explicable as a measure of desperation, in face of dire emergency; but even from the purely French standpoint, as M. Blum has pointed out, it is not at all nice.

Our concern, however, is mainly with its international effects. Even though the free market applies directly only to the exchanges between francs on the one hand and U.S. dollars or Portuguese escudos on the other, and does not directly affect sterling, its result must be that francs will have one value directly against dollars and a quite different value indirectly via sterling at the official rate. There may, then, develop a black market in sterling, and it may become possible to buy sterling at a depreciated rate in France and to use it in paying for British exports. If this door were left wide open for anyone who chose to walk through, and if sterling balances could be freely moved from country to country, the effects would obviously be very serious indeed. Sterling would be forced down to a value in the world market corresponding, not to its purchasing power in goods, but to the level dictated by the scarcity of dollars. There is, however, no reason at present

for supposing that this will happen. The free rate in Paris will be available only through the banks and to a limited class of French holders of gold or foreign exchange; and if the French carry out their promise to keep a tight hold on sterling transactions, the leak should not be large, though it will undoubtedly exist.

The real danger is different. It is twofold—first, that the French action may tempt other countries which are in difficulties to play similar nationalistic tricks with their currencies, with the effect of destroying all exchange stability; and, secondly, that the existence of a depreciated "black" sterling in Paris may set all the suppliers on whom we depend for imports reckoning in terms of the "black" rather than the official rate, and consequently trying to put up the prices which they charge, in sterling, for their goods, or even possibly refusing to take payment in sterling at any price. This, of course, would apply not only to Great Britain, but to the entire sterling, or "near-sterling," trading area, in respect of exchanges with the "hard currency" countries.

Both these dangers are serious. The first, if it occurred, would be an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of any common economic planning, or of effective economic co-operation, in Western Europe and in the countries to which Western Europe must mainly look for non-dollar supplies. It would destroy the prospects of Western Socialist co-operation. The second would be no less disastrous; for the fall in the exchange value of sterling and other related currencies would do little to expand exports (these countries are mostly exporting already all they have to sell), and it would make the purchase of imports impossible without much larger American aid than has ever been mentioned in connection with the Marshall Plan.

The existence of these two dangers is reason enough for the opposition which Sir Stafford Cripps put up to the French scheme. They are dangers to be guarded against, not certainties. They would, however, be certainties but for the expectation that the Marshall Plan will go through reasonably soon without serious curtailments. In the absence of large-scale American aid, nothing could now stop a *sauve qui peut*—a currency stampede in which country would vie with country in competitive destruction of European purchasing power.

We could not prevent the French from acting as they have done; nor can we seriously blame them, even if we feel very doubtful whether their measures will in fact produce the result they want, by calling out the hoards of the "bad boys" as well as by stimulating French exports. We cannot blame them much for not consulting our convenience in their extremity; for we were is no state to consult their convenience when, perforce, we suspended the convertibility of sterling last year. All we have a right to say is that, if our two countries had been working together already, as they should be, on the basis of a common economic plan with as many others as could be induced to come in, this untoward measure of financial nationalism would never have happened. The moral is that, instead of wasting time in blaming the French, we should set to work at once to build a firm foundation for close economic collaboration, in such a way as to make the continuance of the "double-currency" expedient unnecessary, and to devise a common method of handling the problem of dollar scarcity.

Meanwhile, we are bound to be hit—how hard remains to be seen—in our trade bargaining with the Argentine and with other suppliers who will quote against us the cross-rate resulting from the French action. We are bound, too, to tighten up our exchange controls throughout the sterling area, just when we would much sooner be relaxing them. There is, however, no reason to believe that we cannot do this with reasonable effectiveness and certainly none whatever for thinking that it would be of the smallest help to us to devaluate the pound. On the contrary, sterling devaluation would both cost us dear directly, by making us pay more for imports and charge less for exports which we can readily sell at present prices, and would also set in full torrent the very dangers which it must be our principal preoccupation to avert. Sterling devaluation would be the signal for currency upsets and desperate resorts to nationalistic financial expedients all over the world. Sir Stafford Cripps was right to repudiate all intention of it in the most forthright terms.

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS surprised to see what a very modest press Lord Woolton got for his broadcast last Saturday night. As Chairman of the Conservative Party and master-mind of the new electoral machine, he was presumably giving the propaganda directive for 1948, and his broadcast might have been expected to hit the front page in the Tory papers. Actually, it was discreetly tucked away on Sunday. On Monday Mr. William Barkley in the *Daily Express* attacked it vigorously because it suggested the abolition of controls. This may not mean very much, since Lord Beaverbrook has never hidden his contempt for Lord Woolton and his conviction that he himself, who was responsible for the Tory line in 1945, should be permitted to repeat his triumphs in 1950. Looking at the two Lords with dispassionate objectivity, I think the Woolton line is by no means stupid. Without committing himself or his party to anything in particular, and with a synthetic cosiness which is a tolerable substitute for Lord Baldwin's genuine article, Lord Woolton managed to convey the impression that all our present discomforts are quite unnecessary, and are indeed solely due to the positive pleasure which Socialists take in making people unhappy. With a sensible government of plain, straightforward business men, he seemed to suggest, the shops would soon be full, rationing ended, taxation reduced, queues abolished, and peace and prosperity assured to all men of good will. Any rational person, including Lord Woolton, knows, of course, that this is moonshine. But after eight years of scarcity and strain, millions of us are not quite rational. We desperately want to believe it, and our wives want to even more than we do, and spend their hours in the queues discussing it. Why then was this clever broadcast given so little press publicity? For the very reason that the Woolton line, though ideal for rumours and conversations, does not stand the test of cold print. It reminds me of Germany before the war. The Nazis very soon learnt the need for sharply separating oral and written propaganda. Party headquarters always issued two quite different and often contradictory directives, one for use in the press, and the other in talking. In print or in Parliament, you must show some restraint; in the queues and in conversation, you needn't—nor even at the microphone if no one can read what you have said next day.

* * *

It would be difficult, after sixteen years, to imagine Eire without "Dev." in power; yet everyone in Dublin seems to be agreed that next Wednesday's general election will be a close thing, and that it is quite on the cards that Fianna Fail may be defeated. The new factor in the situation is the emergence of the Clann na Poblachta, led by a young barrister, Mr. Sean MacBride, whose father was executed in the 1916 rising, and whose mother was the Maud Gonne whose beauty inspired Yeats. De Valera, writes a Dublin correspondent, has been basing his campaign on an appeal to "security and stability"; and it is significant that Irish big business, which used to be lined up with Fine Gael, the official Opposition group, has been urging support for the Government candidates. MacBride, whose party is an omnium gatherum of divergent elements—ranging from bitter Republicans to diehard ex-Loyalists; from professional men, disgruntled with compulsory Irish, to ex-Government supporters sore at being unrewarded with places—stands in much the same relation to de Valera as that in which de Valera stood to Cosgrave in 1932. He contends that the Government have settled down to a prosperous bourgeois middle-age, forgetting their Republicanism. Indeed, the election literature has been very reminiscent of that of 1932, with the Government attacking P.R. (because it encourages splinter parties) and seeking to prove that the Clann is Communist-inspired, while MacBride accuses Fianna Fail of capitulating to the industrialists and betraying the ideals of 1916.

* * *

If the election were a straight vote, for or against the Government—my correspondent conjectures—de Valera would lose. Popular annoyance with his administration came to a head last autumn when, owing to a sharp rise in the cost of living, an emergency budget had to be introduced which added to the price of the pint and the cigarette packet. An empty bed in many households is a constant reminder of the Government's failure to make Ireland a country from which there need be no emigration; and there has been a good deal of damaging talk about corruption, or at least grave negligence, in high places. Nevertheless, "better the devil you know" is a tag widely heard about the country. The Clann hopes to capture seventy seats; a more general guess is that they will not get more than forty. How will Fianna Fail, which had seventy-six seats in the old Dail, fare on Wednesday? Everything depends upon whether Fine Gael, the rump of the old Cosgraveites, can still hold its thirty seats, or whether "Dev." will gain as much from the Right as he loses to the Left. The Labour Party is still very weak, and is unlikely substantially to improve its position, though it has been gathering confidence lately and making the most of social grievances—bad housing, low wages, and high-priced luxuries in the shops. The Party, however, still suffers from political anaemia, of which the split between the English and Irish trade unions is less a cause than a symptom. Having moved away from the Socialism of the '20s to a woolly liberalism which leaves them farther to the Right, in many respects, than MacBride, Labour has lost many workers' votes to the Clann. The breakaway National Labour Party, whose chief recent activity has been a witch-hunt for Communists, will probably be wiped out. There remain the Independents, quite a force in Irish politics, who include men like Oliver Flanagan, youngest and brightest member of the last Dail, and James Dillon, who seeks to form a "common sense, Commonwealth, anti-Cominform Party" from the conservative elements in the country. If a mixture of P.R. and Irish discontent makes the election a close thing, these Independents may hold the balance of power.

* * *

Films, for me, must remain in the world of make-believe reality, or they lose their power to entertain. I never want to be told that a great bridge spanning a turbulent river is only a tiny model cleverly photographed by a trick cameraman. Nor am I pleased when a knowledgeable friend insists on telling me that a giant Russian forest is a small section of pine trees at Oxshott. No doubt it is this overwhelming desire to be convinced that prevented me from enjoying the first night of *Anna Karenina* (quite apart from the merits or demerits of the film) as much as I hoped I should. It is disconcerting to see a dazzling Vivien Leigh being conducted to her seat and a few minutes later to watch her staring at you out of a railway carriage window in 19th-century Russia. It leads one irresistibly to the unkind thought that she must be sitting back saying to herself, although with some justification, "Aren't I beautiful?" It is troublesome, too, in the middle of a film, to be provoked into petty speculation as to whether Valerie Hobson is thinking she ought to have been put in a better seat than the one they gave her at the side, from where I always think the actors look longer and skinnier than they ought to. All gods and goddesses depend, for their potency, on retaining

their remoteness. Let them contaminate themselves by contact with ordinary people and their prestige vanishes. The characters of film mythology are no exception, however splendidly they may be dressed for their brief visitation to the earth. This is particularly so, when, as this audience did on Hugh Gaitskell's appearance on the newsreel, they reveal themselves capable of behaviour no better than that of the Housewives' League discussing their internal politics.

* * *

It was a pity that Hugh Gaitskell submitted himself to the camera on a subject so difficult to explain in a couple of minutes as the abolition of basic petrol. It was a calamity that he allowed himself to be photographed without taking the advice of some friendly expert from, say, the Association of Cine Technicians. I don't know whether it was the placing of the lights, the angle of the shot, or the absence of make-up, but the somewhat ridiculous face I saw on the screen looked very unlike the Hugh Gaitskell I know—especially in the final tortuous close-up. Newsreels are a tricky medium for the amateur, but even so some simple precautions can be taken. Lord Baldwin, I believe, was a master of this form of propaganda. He would insist, first, on being photographed in the open air. (To be taken in a room lays the victim open to poor arrangements of the lighting which, by the peculiarity of its reflections, may make the sitter look hunted, silly, or mildly sinister.) Secondly, he used make-up to ensure that he would be seen to the best advantage. Finally, he had his text printed on a large screen, standing in front of him and out of camera range. This enabled him to look straight at his audience and read his speech, although seeming to speak from memory. To have your notes on a desk is to compel yourself to a constant dropping of the head, which will be put down by the audience to eccentricity or nervousness. And nervousness, even if genuine, is not inspiring. In this form of public relations, as in others, our Ministers need some coaching. They should not be too proud to obtain it.

* * *

I hope that Harold Wilson is finding time to keep a watchful eye on developments in the Czech textile industry. Czechoslovakia has gone considerably further than we have in the direction of Socialism, but she has still enough in common with our "half-way house" problems to make her experience worth studying. And one thing has been proved in Czechoslovakia: nationalised industries can't be relied on to deliver the goods if they are saddled with a load of privately owned wholesale firms which distribute the product. In the Czech textile industry, seventy per cent. of whose productive plant is nationalised, wholesalers seem to have flourished like the green bay tree; at the end of last year their numbers had doubled in comparison with 1938. The result was that the Czech consumer suffered from an acute shortage of textile goods—particularly women's clothes. The output of the nationalised concerns got diverted into black market channels, and was sometimes profitably smuggled abroad. The Government has now been forced to take action: wholesale firms catering for the home market are to be reduced in number to about one hundred, and their trading will in future be under strict control, though there seems to be one loophole in the scheme: textiles allocated to the makers-up of clothes are apparently to be excluded from its scope. Friends in Prague tell me that it is hoped that the Government will apply a similar purge to the multiplicity of private wholesale firms which now deal in Czech textiles for export. Meanwhile, with the load of "spiv" distributors at any rate partially lightened, the nationalised Czech textile concerns are planning, I gather, to demonstrate at the next Trade Fair in Prague that there is a real renaissance of Slav industrial art in textiles. The Czechs certainly have a great designer in Professor Kybal. The designs for carpets, curtains and other fabrics which he showed me, when I last saw him at the College for Industrial Art in Prague, were as good as anything I have seen in Western Europe.

* * *

I quote from a letter which reaches me from a friend in Berlin:—

> During her recent visit here, Lady Astor held a press conference. She began by asking: "Are there any Socialists here?" One voice replied: "Yes." Thereupon Lady Astor said: "I beseech you to give up Socialism." She went on to emphasise the horrors of a Socialist regime, and to point out that Germany had already lived for fourteen years under a Socialist government and must surely have had enough.
>
> No orchids.

POLYCRITIC

SNOW WHITE

"The rumour has been revived that, before spring comes, Franco Spain will be admitted to the fraternity of E.R.P. States."—*The Nation, N.Y.*

Bring out the whitewash bucket, never used
  Since Argentine was welcomed to U.N.,
If Marshall aid to Spain is not refused
  Whitewash the first of Christian gentlemen;
The processes of decontamination
Remove all cause for moral indignation,
  But how much whitewash will be needed then!

By no one State the coat will be applied,
  Consent must be assured by all the rest;
But will this potentate be kept outside
  By Powers who all his practices detest?
If bonds of Western Union would be tightened
By General Franco, adequately whitened,
  Who will contend whitewashing is not best?

Is Franco a Dictator? Let that be—
  Determined whitewashers brook no rebuff;
A Fascist State becomes democracy
  If definitions are made wide enough.
This whitewashed and immaculate exception
Must be assured of a polite reception,
  It only needs more layers of the stuff.

Whitewash the Terror of Falangist rule,
  New Spain's totalitarian régime;
Blanch the black record of the Axis tool
  Made by Spain's enemies in Spain supreme.
This Fascist's anti-Communist position
Must justify immediate admission—
  One single virtue can all crimes redeem.

Since Spain to Communism is immune,
  Slap on the whitewash with a lavish brush
Till he among the Marshall nations soon
  Stands white as snow (at least as snow and slush).
But if this noisome task must be attempted,
And all's not done before the bucket's emptied,
  Keep one drop back to whitewash Bevin's blush.

SAGITTARIUS

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Material misfortune seemed to dog him. He was half killed in an accident to the ambulance he served: his house was destroyed in the blitz and all his unsold pictures with it: he was employed by the B.B.C.—*Introduction to Catalogue of Paintings at Lefevre Gallery.* (L. E. Jones.)

Sir Ralph Glyn (Con., Abingdon) suggested that there might well be places such as Balmoral scattered throughout the Commonwealth to which the royal family could go to mix with their subjects.—*News Chronicle.* (R. Turner.)

A man was employed almost continuously filling and levelling mole hills. He had no experience in mole-catching, but was "just about holding his own," in filling up the holes.—*News Chronicle.* (J. M. Proctor.)

Before she left her Llanrwst home to fly to Australia, 77-year-old Mrs. Esther Smith said: "There is no future here."—*News Chronicle.* (C. P. Roberts.)

MARSHALL PLAN REPORT

IT is still to early to say what Congress will do on the Marshall Plan. There are a number of hopeful signs, and some evidences of a crystallisation of support among hitherto doubtful Republican elements. At the same time a new and evident crisis is appearing in the progress of the United States from former isolationism to the new ground of international responsibility.

Nobody can doubt that, when the war ended, Americans wanted to relax, shrug off global burdens and get back to the old, happy peacetime basis as fast as possible. Economic controls were thrown overboard with a rapidity which now, at long last, is almost universally agreed to have been too abrupt. Simultaneously another process was going on: Americans were cheerfully scrapping mental responsibilities. This development wasn't visible, but it was there, just the same. It was the same great retreat from foreign cares that came after World War I. Now it is evident that here, too, the happy release was unrealistic: America can't break away from the power-vacuum in Europe or from its new, uncomfortable role of global Croesus.

Americans thought that European recovery would be much faster than it was, and they cherished the illusion that Russia would co-operate. Well, a good deal of water has run under the bridge. Since hostilities ended a great change has come in the United States. Much that she has been doing in international affairs has been done, perhaps, for the wrong reasons. But of the change there can be no question. No other nation in history has ever come so far, so fast. The woes of the post-war world are coming to be understood, shipments of goods and relief are increasing, and a vague realisation is evident of the connection between American economic conditions and world affairs.

There are, however, vast hinterlands in the United States where this change is not yet pronounced. That statement is made advisedly. My colleagues are the peripetetic political correspondents who cover Washington and move back and forth over America—a continent that takes three days and two nights to cross by train—and their report is still almost unanimous, and depressing. Great masses of the public have no real conception of Europe's plight, or America's concern with it, and they do not see the reason for the Marshall Plan. "Why should we give Europe our dollars?" they ask, with simple suspicion, from Medicine Hat to Aroostook County, "What will they give us in exchange?"

It is no use to criticise the attitude. As General Marshall used to say in the war, it does little good to "fight the problem." There it is, and Congressional developments hinge largely upon it. Sooner or later the question will certainly arise whether the changed attitude among leaders in Washington and in the Eastern seaboard will win out, or the mood of reluctance in many other parts of the country.

It is important to emphasise the transitional nature of America's thinking in presenting the story of the Marshall Plan debate. So far, in Congress, it is still in the preliminary committee stage, and hearings are being held simultaneously in both Houses. Secretary Marshall was the first witness. He spoke with simple dignity and sincerity. It was a Hollywood spectacle of motion picture cameras, television sets, radios and flood lights, all focused on one towering personality, with prestige second to none in Congress. The publicity was valuable in carrying his message out over America. Perhaps he brought most to the programme by fixing his sights so high. Nothing like it in history has ever been proposed. Mr. Marshall, unfortunately, also brought into the opulent, marble-walled Senate caucus room a rather tactless "all-or-nothing" declaration that sounded like an ultimatum, and brought immediate irritated response from some Senators. Mr. Marshall is a massive, direct person who, his friends feel, has one fault—a too great trust in the efficacy of logic and a belief in the efficacy

of proving that two-plus-two equals four, on the theory that the world is as rational as he is. This is not a completely wise assumption in dealing with Congressmen. Perhaps it was a second-day irritation that resulted in a rather hard "going over" at the next session for Ambassador Douglas, who used the college lecturer approach, with statistical charts and pointer.

The most effective witness to date has been John Foster Dulles, U.S. delegate to the United Nations and Foreign Affairs adviser to Governor Dewey and Senator Vandenberg. Mr. Dulles is a quiet, steady talker, and it was evident that his unequivocal support of the programme was having an effect on Republican Senators, who hold its fate in their hands. Mr. Dulles's emphasis was on the support which the Plan might give to co-operative action among European nations and to their financial and economic integration. Those who are suspicious of American goals might note the Dulles testimony and the constantly repeated thought of European unity. A phrase Americans can understand is "United States of Europe," and the concept which it holds is frequently stressed. I have not attended a Congressional meeting yet in which the Benelux Customs agreement was not mentioned, or the possibility of some further European economic step of similar nature hopefully discussed. There is an unexpected moral fervour roused by this thought of helping to produce European unity, and its genuineness cannot be doubted. In fact, every evidence of a willingness of European nations to co-operate at this time helps the passage of E.R.P.

The Marshall Plan is under sharp attack now from two quarters—the perfectionist school of Henry Wallace, who calls the proposal insufficiently internationalist, and the quasi-isolationist school of Senator Taft, who denounces it for going too far in the opposite direction. The second group is far the more dangerous. Mr. Taft, in interviews and speeches, is telling the country that Europe's plight is really not so desperate, that there is no need to hurry aid, and that the size of the appropriation is too vast, and should be slashed by one-third. Taft's attitude may bring a Republican Party split, with Vandenberg taking the other side. More likely some compromise will be worked out. In the meantime, Taft is himself under attack from "middle-roaders" for advocating "watered-down erp," which sounds like a very repulsive mess indeed.

The lack of enthusiasm over the country as a whole is now the major factor in the whole affair. The Marshall programme may be an effort to "enslave" a prostrate Europe, as Communists and some liberals charge, but few campaigns of aggrandisement have ever started with such dragging feet. The so-called "reactionaries" in Congress are just the ones who are most opposed to any plan at all. The danger to the project, it must still be maintained, comes not from imperialism but from American apathy and indifference.

This situation raises a real temptation for the State Department. That is, to try to stampede Congress and the public by a scare technique, such as was used in putting over the Greek-Turkish aid programme. Realistically, this is probably the most effective short-run propaganda there is, however dangerous in its final results. There is plenty of substance, too, in the picture of America's possible isolation, if the economy of Western Europe collapses, and Moscow moves in. Administration officials have stressed this point to some degree, and have painted a picture of increased expenditures on armaments and even conscription. A great speaker like Roosevelt could have sold the programme, perhaps, simply on its constructive aspects, but Truman is one of the poorest speakers ever to sit in the White House—to the world's loss.

One more point must be bluntly stated: the proposed Plan involves real discomforts and sacrifices for Americans, and I know of no Senator or Representative, for or against, who doesn't feel this to be true. Voters are increasingly disturbed by spiralling prices and taxes, and Congressmen who vote on the Plan are entering an election where they will have to justify an Act that will almost certainly make scarce goods scarcer, and tax reduction more difficult.

Under these circumstances, does the Marshall Plan run a chance of sucess? The answer is, I believe, "Yes," though the result is still in doubt. America wants peace and security, and will pay a big price for them. There are plenty of other motives mixed in, from simple idealism to hatred of Russia, and nobody can strike an exact balance. But if this appraisal is correct, the real driving force is a national yearning for a peaceable, stable world—a world in which all the little Main Streets can get on with their particular American Dream of lots of cars, high schools, and television sets, no universal military training, and nice long foreign vacation trips, from Ann Hathaway's cottage to the delightful sense of the proximity of sin, in wicked Paris. Under such complex circumstances, it is my impression that E.R.P. is gaining strength. The big struggle will come not in the Senate but in the House of Representatives, and the climax is still probably a couple of months off.

Meanwhile, the Marshall Plan debate is having a profound educational value in itself. Administration leaders are taking the lead in trying to show Congress and America that it is impossible to coerce Europe; only the other day Mr. Marshall issued a categorical denial that he is making the granting of military bases a condition for granting aid under the Plan. And the State Department, a little later, issued a formal statement explaining that European Socialists are "among the strongest bulwarks in Europe against Communism." This declaration is something of a landmark, and comes at a time when even such a man as presidential candidate Stassen still seems unable to differentiate between the British type of Labour Government and totalitarian control in Moscow.

RICHARD STROUT

Washington, Jan. 22.

BIRMINGHAM WEAR

GEOGRAPHICALLY there is no good reason why Birmingham should exist at all. That is, paradoxically, the main cause of its importance. Other large towns have their river, their port, or stand at the intersection of ancient highways or hard by valuable raw materials. Birmingham is in the centre of England, but no main road ever went through it. Ask a motorist the best way by road from London to Birmingham, and he will give you a choice of three equally indifferent routes. No navigable river runs past it. Many places are closer to iron and coal.

Nature's only gift was a small ridge of sand peculiarly suited to use in foundries. That was sufficient to support and encourage a minor trade in iron-working; but the rest of this highly material town has been built up by the perseverance of the human spirit. At the beginning of the sixteenth century there were just enough smithies for Leland to comment on their presence, but not on their potentiality for the future. The full effects of having no Charter were not yet apparent.

It was the glory of a town in the Middle Ages to have an elaborate Charter, and to establish trade guilds with complicated rules preventing a man from striking out in a trade different from his father's, or from the one to which he was apprenticed. Birmingham, though doubtless to the irritation of its inhabitants, was fortunate in being unable to get beyond the status of a manor (not until 1838 did it get local self-government). Ambitious and clever artisans, frustrated in their own districts, emigrated to Birmingham and began the development of her thousand trades. They made a start that would have remained modest if it had not been for the contemporary obsession with religion which provoked the long succession of Test Acts. All the persecution directed at Nonconformists and Unitarians by the Acts failed to make them give in. Denied the right to practise their religion within a Charter town, they looked around for a place where they could make their livelihood, and meet their Maker, in their own individual manner. Birmingham, with an embryo industry and without a Charter, seemed to them the Promised Land, and they crowded into it.

Men with the courage to defy Parliament and the King were not likely to be defeated by the difficulties of commerce. Hardship sharpened their abilities and improved their business methods. Many of the men who turned Birmingham from a small market town into the second city of England, with a population of over a million, are the men whose names are famous there to-day—the Cadburys, the Martineaus, the Nettlefolds and the maternal ancestors of the Chamberlains. Others stayed in relative obscurity, running small family businesses which prospered and cumulatively contributed to the predominance of the town in manufactures. Birmingham is essentially the home of the small man who refused to be swallowed up by giant combines, just as he declined to be absorbed by a more fashionable religion. To-day there are ten thousand firms employing nearly five hundred thousand workers. After the giants like I.C.I., G.E.C. and Austins have been deducted, each with several thousands on their payroll, that works out at an average of about twenty employees a firm. The jewellery quarter, where the factories are still the backs of private houses, has an even lower average.

The religious mainspring of the town gives the clue, to a large extent, to its politics and its appearance. Normally, groups with strong religious convictions, who eschew symbolism in their worship, produce little of artistic worth, apart from music; and if they have any painting it goes sentimental on them. Birmingham runs true to type. Thirteen by eleven miles in size, it contains hardly a building worth a second glance. The traveller who arrives by train at New Street or Snow Hill, and is appalled by their pokiness and drabness, need not think he has made a mistake and got out at the wrong station for Birmingham. It is the pattern of what is to come outside. The tiny city centre has a circumference of slums. The heavy buildings of its narrow streets loom against each other, blocking out the light and depressing the heart. Unplanned development has multiplied complexities and compelled the most tortuous one-way traffic system in the country. Ugliness abounds, unrelieved by the stateliness of old churches, for which plain Meeting Houses were the substitute. Only in Aston, an area crammed with Industrial Revolution houses, does anything remain as a sign of Birmingham's long history. There, incongruously, stands Aston Hall, a splendid, undamaged Elizabethan manor, complete with its park. To offset the outer dreariness there is the Art Gallery. Inside, in the place of prominence, are the works that represent the soft under-belly of the Nonconformist and the businessman — the pre-Raphaelites, led by Burne-Jones and supported by Millais and Holman Hunt.

Yet the same spirit which has cared nothing for the externals of Birmingham has its credit side. The people who stuck to their individuality were united in their motives for preferring Birmingham to other towns and in their hostility to authority. Sharing the same outlook on religion and working in small undertakings, the men stayed close to the "gaffer." The influence was mutual. When Joseph Chamberlain came to Birmingham as a young man, he became quickly immersed in local affairs, and his first concern was the welfare of his workers. Radicalism was natural to the city, and some of the most violent Chartist riots were in Birmingham. Later it was from Birmingham that the demand came for compulsory free education. Liverpool has its aristocracy. In Birmingham, as Cobden noticed, there is a freer intercourse between all classes than anywhere else, and it is still operative, though diminishing.

The nearness of the workers was a check on the politics of the employers. It spurred them into the provision of social services ahead of other municipalities. Before it was common practice, the corporation owned the water supply, gas, electricity, transport, and then its municipal bank. At the same time, proximity gave employers who turned politicians a hold over their workers that is lacking where factory units are larger. Hence the saying that Brimingham stood for "democracy at home and patriotism abroad." Imperialism meant markets for Birmingham goods, and higher wages. The imperialist instinct enabled Joseph Chamberlain to take radical Birmingham, under the banner of Liberal Unionism, out of the Liberal Party into a coalition with the Conservatives. There for many years it clung to its Radical principles and only changed them with the terms of trade.

So long as the employers remembered the interests of the workers and echoed their demands, the old ties stood the strain. There was no incentive for Birmingham to vote Labour. By all the rules, such a large industrial area should have maintained at least four Labour members, however low the fortunes of the Party. But Birmingham produced consumer goods which continued to sell at the worst times of slump. All through the 'thirties, when unemployment was at its highest, Birmingham's queues at the Exchanges were smaller than those in the rest of the country; and from 1931 to 1945 not one of her twelve M.P.s was a Socialist. When Birmingham voters rejected its Tories at the 1945 General Election, it was partly the feeling that Neville Chamberlain had betrayed them, and partly the growing remoteness of the "gaffers," who had lost their Radicalism, that overthrew the traditional allegiance. If the employers had gone on with re-housing at the tempo at which Joseph Chamberlain began it, and backed improved Social Security schemes with the vigour he would have shown, they might still have won. As it is, there are now ten Labour M.P.s out of thirteen.

Recently a consciousness of increased significance has come to Birmingham. Two-thirds of its workers are engaged directly or indirectly on the export trade. Many, who are not, are making plant that is vital to England, like electric power-generators. Twenty-five thousand vacancies are open to any who want work, and hundreds come weekly from outside to take them up. Wages, by 1938 standards, are high, and the morale of the workers is good. Despite the setback at the municipal elections, Birmingham, if there were an election to-day, would still show a majority for the Government; but the weaknesses are visible.

Housing is still appalling. The thousands living in houses condemned before the war have no early prospect of better homes. 60,000 families are on the Estates Department waiting list, and hundreds are added to it weekly. Only 7,500 families have been re-housed since the war. There are thirty thousand "back-to-backs"—so-called because the backs of the crabbed houses jammed round small spaces are the fronts of other people's houses similarly cramped for air. Whole streets of older houses need repairs, if only that the buckets collecting the rainwater from the ceilings may be released for more customary domestic purposes. So far, the blame justly remains on the shoulders of the Unionists, but memories are short, and it will not stay there indefinitely.

Birmingham is large, but it has never lost its old belief in itself as a community and its determination to be independent. Nationalisation has touched none of its industries, but has come near to damaging its civic pride. Transport, electricity, and now gas, in the hands of the State, mean less in the hands of an efficient corporation, and, as the Labour Lord Mayor emphasised when conferring the freedom of the city on the Prime Minister, more care must be observed by London in the handling of such matters, to avoid wounding local susceptibilities. Tactlessness may stem from the Labour Party's former tendency to regard Birmingham as a hopeless case. Cabinet Ministers go everywhere else, but can rarely be persuaded to come to Birmingham. More attention from Transport House, and the Government, would not be unproductive. Again, Birmingham looks for great personalities among its leaders. At the moment there are none. Unless the Labour Movement there throws up some figures of considerable stature, the town may be tempted to turn towards the Unionists again in the hope they may provide a national figure.

These are the chinks the Tories see and are preparing to attack. Their local organisation subscribes to the Industrial Charter and sent a copy, with pointed intention, to the managing director of Austin's after he had dismissed nearly a thousand workers, without consultation, two weeks ago. An energetic campaign on the lines of Lord Woolton's broadcast has been under way for months. If Birmingham is to be made safe for Labour, the Tories must be ceaselessly counter-attacked, with one eye on Birmingham's individuality and sturdy spirit, and the other on the apparent willingness of Birmingham industrialists to accept economic planning.

WOODROW WYATT

CHINA'S CIVIL WAR

II.—THE THREE PHASES

THE end of the Second World War found the Kuomintang Government with its armies bogged down in the "Great Rear," while the Communists had their troops widely deployed in the vast territories behind the Japanese "front" from North China to South Kiangsu and Chekiang and in Fukien and Kwantung. Thus Chiang Kai-shek's commanders had to travel across the breadth of China in order to "accept the Japanese surrender" and to take over enemy-occupied areas. An immediate, full-scale outbreak of civil war was avoided, partly because the Communist troops made no attempt to enter cities such as Nanking, Shanghai or Peiping and withdrew from all areas south of the Yangtse, and partly because Chiang Kai-shek was in no position to concentrate his forces quickly against the Communists. In consequence, the period from the summer of 1945 to June, 1946, was characterized by conditions of uneasy semi-truce, frequently broken by local clashes between Kuomintang and Communist groups, who continued active operations against the Japanese garrisons which, under instructions from Chungking, resisted the armies from the Liberated areas.

Meanwhile, Tsingtao, and other ports were occupied by U.S. Marines, and General Wedemeyer, U.S. Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, began the transport (continued by his successor, General Gillem, and by General Marshall, the President's envoy) of Kuomintang armies, moved by air and sea, to North China. Kuomintang forces made frequent inroads into the Liberated areas; Communist troops and peasant guerrillas stepped into the vacuum left by the Japanese in Manchuria; and, in this province, hostilities between the Communist and Kuomintang troops sent North in American ships and aircraft developed on a considerable scale.

On January 13, 1946, a "Cease Fire" order was issued by both sides. Manchuria was excluded from the order; but the Communists evacuated Changchun, the capital, which was handed over by the Russians to Kuomintang forces. The "armistice" was extended to Manchuria on March 27. Five days later, however, hostilities broke out in the province on a considerable scale, and culminated in a decisive defeat for the Kuomintang forces in the first battle of Szepingkai.

Against this background, peace talks were being held. Under the aegis of General Marshall there was a meeting in Chungking between Communist and Kuomintang leaders, as a result of which an all-party Political Consultative Conference was convened and decided on four measures:—

(a) democratic re-organisation of the Central Government;
(b) the calling of a National Assembly;
(c) formulation of a constitution;
(d) substantial demobilisation, and unification of Kuomintang and Communist Forces under a single command.

The order of these measures was important: without the democratisation of the Kuomintang one-Party regime, there could be no assurance that the other steps would be honestly taken. Hence little surprise was occasioned when Chiang Kai-shek insisted on reversing the order. He wanted to have (numerically reduced) Communist forces brought under his command first; reform of the Government was to come last. The peace talks, in the end, came to nothing; throughout the spring of 1946 Chiang Kai-shek was busy mounting an offensive; and, in June, 1946, the Kuomintang launched an attack over the great plain of Hupeh. The first phase of the civil war was over.

The second phase was characterised by Chiang Kai-shek's strategy of concentrated attacks on vital points. The immediate objective was to regain command of all towns and railways between the Yangtze and the Yellow River; the ultimate aim was the recapture of the whole of Manchuria. The Communists' tactics in defence were to "trade cities against men." Outnumbered at first, and heavily outgunned, they organised an elastic war of resistance. Up to January, 1947, in Hupeh, North Kiangsu, Chahar, Chehol and Shantung, they gave up 165 towns and 175,000 square kilometres of country; but they inflicted such casualties in their retreats that they rendered 53 Kuomintang divisions ineffective. They also improved their armament considerably through the capture of American equipment from the Kuomintang troops.

Slowly, the balance of forces began to change. Between March and June, 1947, the Communists were forced to abandon 95 towns, including Yenan, but they regained 153, and Kuomintang casualties, in killed, wounded and prisoners, rose to a total of over one million, including over 200 Generals. Signs, too, were beginning to be seen that the morale of the Central Government troops was falling; desertions began to reach high figures, and several Kuomintang divisions went over to the Communists with their arms and headquarters staffs intact. Conditions were getting ripe for a Communist counter-offensive.

This counter-offensive, which marked the opening of the third phase in the civil war, began with the crossing of the Yellow River by the Army of General Liu Po-chen on the night of June 30, 1947. He marched southward deep into the Kuomintang rear, which had been largely denuded of troops in order to feed the costly northern front, and established himself in the Tapieh Mountain *massif* on the northern bank of the Yangtze River, between Hankow and Nanking. Chiang Kai-shek could no longer ignore this threat to the two vital Central China cities and the Yangtze crossings. After some hesitation he withdrew troops from other fronts and concentrated them against the new Tapiehshan Liberated area.

The weakening of the Kuomintang's northern front was the signal for large-scale Communist counter-offensives in Manchuria, Shantung and North of the Yellow River, while General Chen Yi, from the east, and General Chen Keng, from the northwest, broke into the Central Plain between the Yangtze and the Yellow River. Together with General Liu Po-chen's forces they transformed this into a great battleground, in which they threatened Chiang Kai-shek's vital centres on the key railways—the North-South Peiping-Hankow, and the East-West Lunghai lines. Chiang's generals were outmanœuvred. They called off the Tapiehshan campaign, yet failed to save their strongpoints and forces on the Central Plain.

By mid-January, 1948, Manchuria had been all but lost to Chiang. In the Shantung Peninsula

he held only Chefoo and a bit of the northern coast. Kalgan, Peiping, Tientsin, Paoting, Hsuchow and Tsingtao were surrounded by a hostile countryside. Taiyuan, Chengchow, Kaifeng and Yenan were encircled. The Liberated areas now stretched to within a few dozen miles of Nanking, and large areas south of the Yangtze River were already in the hands of guerrillas and insurgent peasants. Columns of the People's Armies were reported 350 miles south of the Yangtze, linking up and co-ordinating their activities. They were now on the offensive on every front, dictating both the pace and direction of the fighting.

Can Chiang Kai-shek's crumbling position be retrieved by further American intervention on his behalf? In terms of military strength the answer is almost certainly "No": his losses of manpower are probably decisive. In seventeen months of fighting the Communists claim to have accounted for nearly 1,700,000 Kuomintang troops, and neither arms nor financial assistance from the United States can compensate for these casualties. Moreover, while the Communist forces are consolidating their territorial gains by instituting land reform wherever they go, the feudal corruption in Kuomintang China is degenerating progressively into economic anarchy. Inflation has made the simple production by a cobbler of a pair of shoes a wild gamble in currency; all trading, imports and exports, is paralysed by arbitrary taxes and bureaucratic regulations which can be circumvented only by wholesale bribery. Opposition to Chiang is no longer confined to the workers whom his police beat up or the students whose peace demonstrations have been bloodily suppressed. Chinese industrialists and traders are everywhere denouncing Chiang as the architect of China's ruin.

In these circumstances, there is some evidence that the policy of Washington is now being directed to fostering a new Centre group in China as a "bulwark against Communism." T. V. Soong, who represents the more progressive elements of the Kuomintang, is now governor of Kwantung; and there is talk of a large-scale influx of American capital into that province, with a view to its conversion into a base in which new anti-Communist armies could be recruited and trained, in addition to the forces being trained by American instructors in Formosa. Simultaneously a "liberal" general, Fu Tso-yi, has been appointed to command in North China, with headquarters in Peiping, and with instructions to "co-ordinate local administration in Hopei and Jehol." He is reported to be anxious to secure a cessation of hostilities in North China—an obvious move to gain time while the fresh forces are being organised in Kwantung.

A further development in the situation has been the recent establishment, at a Congress in Hong Kong, of a so-called Left-wing Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee which has accused Chiang Kai-shek of usurping the Party leadership and selling China to "American imperialism." The Committee, which claims the support of several well-known Left Kuomintang leaders—including Fang Yu-Hsiang, the "Christian General," now in the United States—is calling for the implementation of the Principles of Sun Yat-sen, friendship with the Soviet Union, agrarian reform and "co-operation" with the Chinese Communist and other democratic parties. How this new movement will develop is not yet clear. It may be the beginning of a growing split which will disintegrate the whole feudal regime on which Chiang Kai-shek's power has been based. Alternatively, it may be a Washington-inspired move, on somewhat Machiavellian lines, to detach Chinese progressives from the Communist Party and to form a "Third Force" which would give a cover of respectability to the building up of a base in Kwantung over which Chiang Kai-shek, after a tactful temporary withdrawal from the scene, could resume control in his own good time. What is certain is that ultimately nothing can resist the course of peasant revolution in China: whatever twists and turns the civil war may take, that will go on. FRITZ JENSEN

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

For its bold decision to broadcast *Progress Report* three times a week, and each time at an important hour, the B.B.C. is much to be congratulated. It can only have decided to do this if it felt extraordinarily sure of the men and women who are working on the programmes themselves. The result is extremely accomplished; one expected to listen dutifully, and there one was, rather surprised to find it all over so quickly. This is the best possible tribute to it as entertainment, which superficially it must be in the first place; but think back over it as one would, one could not find that the entertainment had been falsely come by. At no point was there that jovial disguised slumming which the radio has on occasion been capable of. Nor was anything made to seem rosier than it is. The working men in the programme had not been encouraged to be polite when something else was more appropriate. I am thinking particularly of one man's dismay that Mr. Morrison should on one day have made an important statement on our prospects which had been implicitly (and *only* implicitly) contradicted by Sir Stafford Cripps shortly afterwards. There was subtlety in the arrangement of the material in the first programme, but it was always legitimate subtlety: I think most listeners will have felt that (odd as this may seem) the passages about the china clay industry of Cornwall, and about certain industrial diseases, offered something in the way of dramatic or picturesque relief; yet their relevance to the general picture cannot be doubted. There are many people to praise in connection with this series; a critic will do best to mention the inaudible ones: Mr. Laurence Gilliam, from whose imagination and daring and wide sympathy and tolerance we benefit, I suspect, more frequently than we sometimes know; Mr. David Davidson and Mr. Joe Burroughs, unnamed in the *Radio Times*, but rightly given credit in the broadcast itself for their research work, clearly expert, on the various topics treated; and above all, Mr. Farquharson Small, who produces the series. In this type of programme it is particularly important not to "produce down" to the listener, and Mr. Small never thins out or sentimentalises his material, though all the time he is alive to its potentialities for effective dramatic and narrative arrangement. We are well used to Mr. Small's integrity and brilliance in programmes of this type; he was, of course, the general producer of *Meet the People*, which I regret to have wrongly attributed a few weeks ago; but he is far from stereotyping his achievements and I do not doubt that there will be some surprises in the new series.

In *Second Opinion* last Saturday, a very sensible lady pointed out, with commendable hauteur, to one of those pompous bores who had been asking yet once more "Is radio an art?" that the question had no meaning. Radio was like ink or marble: a material which an artist may or may not choose to use. It is, in fact, a language, and it is possible to write or speak it either well or badly. Mr. Small is one of the few people who can be depended upon not to debase it; another, with a highly personal elegance of style, is Mr. Stephen Potter. His new production of *Married to a Genius*, written round the discovery of some letters from Coleridge's wife, blends enchantingly many of the things at which he is adept: the fastidiously discreet reconstruction of a bygone literary milieu, its pathos, its faded absurdity. Here again there was nothing bogus, nothing illegitimate imposed on or extorted from the material; and it was a programme that melted in one's ears. The cast, from Mr. Robert Eddison to Mr. John Vere, seemed to be on infectiously pleased terms with the script; and Miss Betty Hardy, as Mrs. Coleridge, gave one of her most delightful and varied performances. I cannot, however, think that, so far, the Coghill-Potter *Troilus and Criseyde* has repeated the success of *The Canterbury Tales*. Mr. Coghill has confessed his inability to preserve the fresh lyricism of the original; the result is, a good deal of the time, almost facetious in tone, and devoid of rhythm in delivery. HENRY REED

THE MOVIES

"Anna Karenina," at the Leicester Square
"L'Ange de la Nuit," at the Academy

The *Anna Karenina* at the Leicester Square is Korda's, not Tolstoy's. Anna herself hardly materialises, only Miss Vivien Leigh at her most beautiful and coolly fetching; her rebellion transports us rather less than do the flings of a Scarlett O'Hara; tragedy devolves into a sad tale with a splendid setting; the point, the pressure, the vital perplexity have been lost. And yet—something sticks. For all its inadequacies this spectacular piece finds attachments in the heart, while *Gone With the Wind* can only expeditiously fulfil its title.

Perhaps the disadvantages of trying to film a great novel are almost balanced by the advantages. On the one hand desecration, superficiality, overcrowding, the impossibility of getting everything in; on the other, fresh contacts have been made with the original, and for the sake of an illuminating side-view we are willing to take the full face for granted. That is to say, those who disapprove most actively of this new film version—those who know the book—will also thrill to it most. Without benefit of Tolstoy, its prettiness must seem more than a little muddled, and its pangs long drawn out.

But to see what we have known with the mind's eye may sometimes be an experience in itself. The balls, the visits, the coming and going, the snowy streets, the crowded family life, the opera, the races: here the film can do us a service. It tells in an instantaneous flash what the novelist only conveys hintingly or piece-meal; Andrejew's settings, Beaton's costumes and Constant Lambert's score have made a notable capture of place and period. And in the elucidation of that fascinated streak of terror attaching to train-journeys—the scream, the grinding of breaks, the horrified curiosity of those who gather round—all those circumstances that invincibly prepare the way for Anna's suicide—the camera can hardly go wrong. Under Duvivier's direction, it gathers a vivid imagery: one remembers, on the desolate platform where Anna first encounters the old wheel-tapper, the lamps on their long cords swinging in the wind. All the railway scenes come beautifully to life in the way that this film achieves its most solid success—realisation of the crowd. The accident at St. Petersburg station, the excitement at the races (we are shown the watchers' expressions and not the horses), the social manœuvring in the corridors of the opera, Karenin in public receiving a frantic telegram from his wife before he rises to make an important speech: these are the moments (and they add up considerably) in which the film excels. If we miss the stature of Anna's tragedy, here, rich in externals, is the Society that first unites to buoy up its heroines and then as irresistibly crushes them.

Ralph Richardson's Karenin, as every critic has pointed out, breaks through the thin picturisation of character to a life of his own. His ugly, stiff conventionality, beside an Anna weakly adrift and a Vronsky (Kieron Moore) who never achieves more than dull expectancy, circulates the warmth they so disastrously lack. He even, when he is there, warms them a little. His final words to Vronsky on the staircase, asserting his own dignity and telling the other to keep away, are made remarkably moving. Wrong emphasis! But then it adds to one's experience of *Anna Karenina* in general, just as some years ago Miss Edith Evan's Nurse lighted up a corner of *Romeo and Juliet*, and for that as well as for its pictorial bustle one is grateful. Despite its faults I would gladly see this film again.

L'Ange de la Nuit is a piece of theatrical sentiment about a students' co-operative and a young sculptor who comes back blinded from the war. The film, poorly directed, is distinguished by the presence of Jean-Louis Barrault in the role of the sculptor. Here is an actor as gifted as Richardson, and it is a pleasure to hear him speaking and to watch him moving his fingers over a lump of clay. But I doubt whether, in this case, the film is worth the performance.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"As You Desire Me," at the Embassy
"Invitation to a Voyage," at the Arts

The two largest of the theatre clubs are admirably performing their function when they present us with two opposite kinds of theatrical pleasure taken from different corners of the "non-commercial" box. The refinements of pathos squeezed to its last fine drop in the realism of Bernard's *Invitation to a Voyage*, and the violent attack on the Conceptual, delivered with a passion of dialectic device in the expressionism of Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*. The latter is to be seen at the Embassy with Miss Mary Morris, fierce and brilliant, in the protagonist's role. This play is particularly hard on our Englishness; as people, we so very much dislike not knowing exactly where we are, not knowing what's what and who's who. The tension of bewilderment we find it most difficult to sustain, and so in the intervals of this play we scurry round vainly trying to pick up clues from our friends which may plant us back in the comfy, ordered world of everything-in-its-place. Who exactly is "The Strange Lady" of our programmes, who appears in the first Act in the Bohemia of Berlin in the 'twenties, living on gin and lust and deliberately cut off from her past? Yet there is *a* past claiming her; and to it in the second Act she has apparently gone back. But is it really *her* past or is this a case of mistaken identity? Who exactly is she? And then it is, if the tension of bewilderment snaps into impatience, that we start asking the wrong questions—Who is she? And why the devil doesn't she or the dramatist tell us? Surely one of them must know! (Questions, of course, that we should never think of asking, say, about Lear.) What is in question here is not who she is—but, rather, the nature of identity. It is partly, perhaps, the convincing realistic frame that persuades us into taking too literal a view. The Strange Lady is seeking (as much as we are) her own identity, and won't be fobbed off with a mere reflection of herself in other people's mirrors. Both the uncle and aunt who brought her up and her husband accept her as genuine, but they each have their own reasons for doing this. They want her to be what they want to have; and it is to test the doubt hidden here that in the third Act she herself fathers on them the suspicion that she might be an impostor. If they doubt her, her Berlin lover at least doesn't and finally she offers herself back to him—"Just as I am"; and he accepts her "Just as you are." There at least she has an identity that is her own and nobody else's.

Such are the plausible terms of the machinery by which Pirandello brings into question our commonsense everyday solution of the abstruse problem of who's who. And once his premises are granted with what a masterly precision and beautifully exact gearing of the detail does the logic of the events and the argument move.

Only in the last act does the machinery seem to me to falter; the long cadenza in which The Strange Lady demonstrates that she can as easily take in people who have never seen her as she can make suspicious those who have, might surely have been more dramatised and less argued. And this was the only place where I questioned Miss Morris's dazzling performance. She seemed to hustle here, as if she were conscious of a danger that we might be bored, whereas in fact her grasp, her intellectual force, held us here no less surely than we were held in the first Act by her stylised Bohemian, and in the second by her more natural playing of a lost girl found. This is indeed a virtuoso part, and Miss Morris proves herself a fine virtuoso performer in her ringing interpretation of it. The rest of the company (but Miss Henrietta Watson as the aunt must not go unnamed) and Mr. Guy Shepherd's sets, all helped to demonstrate that this is a play well worth reviving; no one who enjoys the theatre should fail to go up to the Embassy to see it.

Invitation to a Voyage is the story of one of those obsessional love affairs which happen with all the greater intensity for taking place only in the mind of the sufferer. It would be hard to think up a subject which, on the face of it, was less promising for the stage; or at least for our present realist stage, which denies itself the aid not merely of poetry but even of heightened speech. It is a minor miracle of Bernard's stagecraft that has brought off the communication of this interior drama by means of situation and symbol alone. It calls no less for the tautest of playing from the actors. Not many mistakes can be afforded with so fragile, so delicate, so light-spun a thread, all half-hints and faint disclosures. Above all, the wife who suffers the obsession and her husband who has to watch it, only half understanding, must give off their right flavour, she of the withheld passion of a mild romanticism, a sort of barren poetry; he of a puzzled patience breaking out into a rare recrimination but more often holding itself back.

At the Arts Theatre Miss Wenda Rogerson and Mr. Patrick Barr achieved enough of this to convey to us a good measure of the delight of M. Bernard's theatre. To begin with they each looked just right; and they were admirably matched. Mr. Barr has a most easy command of the frankest of smiles and the least theatrical of transitions into surprise or suppressed temper. This is very important in a kind of play that is founded on the very everydayness of each successive day. The poetry that is being worried out is the inarticulate poetry of what is not said and what might have, but never has, happened: so the very lack of expressiveness in the kind of people we are watching makes it vital that their changes of mood are as undercharged as their words. Oliver is the simplest of good-natured people, and Mr. Barr conveyed this. Miss Rogerson carries a bigger burden—the biggest; and she succeeded by virtue of giving the right general impression, and of playing two of the most telling scenes beautifully. The first, where she speaks to her husband of her ordinary sister's dull, ordinary married life, and so conveys to him her own; the second, where having met her obsession in the flesh two years later, she has found out that he is not what she dreamed of but only—a young manufacturer of tin-tacks. Miss Rogerson has just the right kind of beauty for the part, a beauty that is all withdrawn and within; making no claims for itself but taking what is offered it and yet discontented when it comes. Here is a young actress who with experience should go far, if the films do not snatch her first. Miss Julia Long, as the sister, seemed to me not to have absolutely decided on her character. Those prophetic starings of the first act suggested knowledges and divinings which her later (and surely more correct) playing of the part as a straight-forward limited no-nonsense young woman seemed to contradict. Miss Mary Paton's set effectively and simply pointed the atmosphere of the enclosed life in the garden room. Not a perfect production by any means, but a most agreeable and most welcome one.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MASTERSINGERS

Of all Wagner's works *Die Meistersinger* is the most widely loved. An untarnished masterpiece, superlative in design and craftsmanship, filled from end to end with a flood of melodic and contrapuntal invention hardly matched since Haydn—not even these formidable virtues quite account for the warm personal affection in which the opera has been held for decades by thousands of people all over the world. There is something else about it, a quality more often found in literature than in music; the sense that Wagner has created out of his vision of sixteenth-century Nuremberg a complete, homogeneous, golden world, a world into which the dusty traveller may drop at any moment, as into the *Odyssey* or *Don Quixote* or *David Copperfield*, in search of wisdom, certainty and familiar friends. To put it briefly, *Die Meistersinger* is wonderfully and profoundly good, good to the core; we find in it a conception of the desirable life homely enough to seem possible, a

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vision of humanity in which the ideal transfigures, without obliterating, the real: a picture "wie Meister Dürer gemalt."

The first question posed by any revival of this glorious, life-enhancing work is whether its essential quality has been caught. At Covent Garden last week only one honest answer seemed possible, a sad but unambiguous No; in a performance almost devoid of serenity, breadth, repose and charm, the heart of the music simply wasn't there. The Prelude began at a rattling pace, and got faster still just where everybody has always felt the need for a slight broadening—the point (just before the famous three-fold combination) where the Mastersingers theme returns on the trombones. The sound of the orchestra, too, was strangely un-Wagnerian; none of the familiar rich, velvety texture, but dry, toneless strings and barking, short-winded brass. As the opera proceeded, it was saddening to hear one longed-for beauty after another thrown away by roughness, poor balance and insensitive phrasing, sometimes even by down-right howlers: there was one from the oboe in Act II which sent a gasp round the house, and an unaccountable piece of absenteeism on the part of the first bassoon in Act III. No comparable blunders, I think, marred those B.N.O.C. performances which I used to attend some twenty years ago.

The one wholly satisfactory feature of the performance was the chorus; the riot at the end of Act II was brilliantly articulate, and the great chorale in Act III would have been really impressive if only (once again) a broader tempo had been adopted. The quintet, too, went well; but many of the individual performances were, to say the least, questionable. Hans Hotter was so plainly bothered by having to sing familiar notes to unfamiliar English words that I hesitate to pronounce too definitely on his Hans Sachs. He possesses a voice of great resonance and noble quality, though it is not always under perfect control; some of the best musical and dramatic moments of the evening came from him; he filled the stage and the house, and yet the Sachs he left in our minds was a rather hectoring and unsympathetic figure, less poet than cobbler whose customers are always wrong. He seemed to have caught from some of his English colleagues the trick of breaking up the longer lyrical phrases into a series of jerky, half-*parlando* fragments.

From this fault, I am glad to say, the Eva of Victoria Sladen was commendably free; she has little idea, it is true, of the tenderness and charm with which many of her phrases ought properly to be invested; still, hers is both vocally and dramatically a professional performance and one which, given thorough coaching (supposing such a thing to exist at Covent Garden) could be made into something really satisfactory; with Frank Sale's Walther our coach would have a harder time, but he might succeed, for there is some good metal there.

The smaller parts, so numerous, so rewarding, so important, were seldom adequately filled. Heddle Nash, who was once about the best David in the world, now waltzes through the part, frequently *speaking* words for which Wagner took the trouble to write perfectly definite notes. The Kothner was often below pitch; the Pogner not at all Wagner's large-hearted, prosperous burgess, but an English bass worried about his upper register. Beckmesser is a part habitually overplayed and undersung, in Germany no less than in England; but in this respect Grahame Clifford's performance on the opening night belonged to a class of its own; to call such an exhibition "playing to the gallery" would be an unwarrantable insult to the intelligence and long experience of the Covent Garden gods.

I know well that readers will wonder why I say these hard things of a performance which has been praised (though cautiously) by the more eminent among my colleagues of the daily press. I think there may be a reason for this discrepancy over and above the normal vagaries of critical opinion; namely, a desire to show extreme indulgence to the still struggling cause of native opera. That is a most understandable feeling, and one which I share; in the past, I have sometimes yielded to the temptation to dwell on merits and minimise defects. (I call it a temptation because, after all, a critic's first duty is to his readers, who want to know whether a show is worth their good money). But there is something cheap and shoddy about this *Meistersinger* which repels sympathy; not only the actual achievement, but the intention itself, seems at fault; for example, the handling of the stage business at the very end of the first act suggests the principle of "anything for a laugh" rather than an attempt to realise Wagner's clearly expressed ideas. *Meistersinger* is certainly an elaborate and technically difficult score, but it is also a work whose spirit English musicians easily grasp; with a conductor of Karl Rankl's experience and background, we have a right to expect something vocally adequate and orchestrally first rate. Last week's performance arouses the suspicion that the musical director of Covent Garden aims too low and is too easily satisfied. It mightn't be a bad idea if, instead of listening to indulgent critics, he were to pretend to himself that Gustav Mahler or Arturo Toscanini were sitting behind him in the stalls.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Correspondence

WESTERN UNION

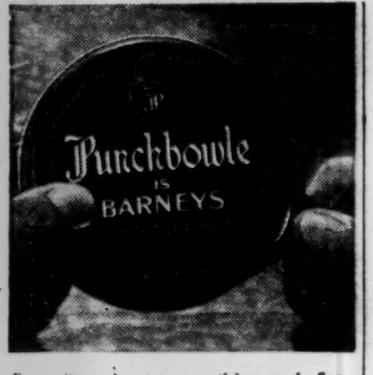
SIR,—Mr. Crossman's attempt in the foreign affairs debate to prove that Mr. Bevin's policy is "very different" from Mr. Churchill's landed him in the most appalling confusion. For Mr. Crossman, I fear, faced with the total collapse of his theories about a Socialist Western Europe and a Third Force, is rationalising his whole-hearted support in practice for the Truman Doctrine and the Churchill policy.

Mr. Crossman could not avoid confessing to some embarassment at the Tory conception of Mr. Bevin's Western Union as "mere sterile military containment" of the Soviet Union, and said that Mr. Churchill's policy could only lead to war. But can he deny Mr. Churchill's claim that the Government has carried out the Fulton policy to the letter, and even gone beyond it? If the Bevin policy is "very different" from the Churchill policy, it is surprising that Mr. Attlee did not take the opportunity in his reply to repudiate Churchill's atom bomb threats—just as he refused to repudiate the Fulton speech.

Mr. Eden pointed out that the Governments of Western Europe are simply anti-Communist Governments, in which the Socialists are a minority. Faced with the impossibility of creating a Socialist Western Union, Mr. Crossman welcomes a capitalist Western Union, with the happy inspiration that, after all, the Continental capitalists are all planners now. We have arrived at the new Socialist theory that planning is an end in itself, regardless of whether it is carried out in the interests of the people or the capitalist class, by Socialists or Fascists.

In his peroration Mr. Crossman declared that the only way to defeat what he called the Communist "spring offensive"—does he mean the French workers' claims for a living wage?—was to make Western Europe work as "a genuine independent Western Union, friendly with both the great non-European powers." I cannot reconcile this either with Western Union's total dependence on American subsidies, or with Mr. Crossman's own statement that Western Europe was bound to be in the American strategic sphere, and that we could only hope to have better luck *vis-à-vis* the Americans than the Eastern countries have had with the Russians in achieving "a measure of independence." I suppose that, if the Third Force ever by some miracle comes to power, we must be grateful for this "measure of independence" to be granted to us by Mr. Crossman's friend, General Marshall.

Even more extraordinary is Mr. Crossman's expression of "deep alarm" at the Truman Doctrine,



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and his gushing tribute to General Marshall for producing a plan "without ideological conditions." Are we seriously expected to believe that President Truman's policy of putting arms into Greece is being opposed by General Marshall? Yet that is what Mr. Crossman tells us. Or is aid to Greece "without ideological conditions"? And have not General Marshall himself and a host of others revealed that the purpose of the European Recovery Programme is strategic and political? MALCOLM MACEWEN

[Mr. Crossman replies: "The Lobby Correspondent of the *Daily Worker* should at least be accurate in reporting what is said in debate. I did not 'welcome a capitalist Western Union.' On the contrary, I stated my hope that 'the Government is going to apply in Europe the Socialist principles it is applying at home.'

"Mr. MacEwen admits that I warned the House that the Churchill policy could only lead to war. What does he mean, then, by talking about my 'whole-hearted support in practice for the Truman Doctrine and the Churchill policy'? The queer thing about British Communists is their utter defeatism. Mr. MacEwen triumphantly asserts the 'total collapse of my theories about a Socialist Western Europe.' This agrees perfectly with the hopes of Mr. Churchill, but comes oddly from someone who pretends to believe in Socialism. The 'realists' of the extreme Left and the extreme Right are united in their acceptance of war as inevitable, and in their hatred of anyone who tries to avoid it."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FRENCH SOCIALISTS

SIR,—M. Grumbach does not dispute my precise statements about the number of votes the French Socialist Party got at the last General Election nor its proportion of working-class members, its size, or the failure of 50,000 members to renew their membership cards in 1947.

He rests his claim that the Socialists are regaining ground on the municipal elections. The answer is, of course, that Socialist gains were achieved by electoral pacts, or arrangements to stand down in each other's favour, with the Catholic M.R.P., the Radicals and, in some cases, even the Gaullists.

As for the syndicalist and non-political *Force Ouvrière* breakaway from the C.G.T., it contains some industrial workers but few if any from the basic heavy industry and transport unions. It has recruited some of the white-collar elements from the miners and railwaymen corresponding to our Colliery Clerks Association and Railway Clerks Union. For the rest, its membership consists, as Mr. Bouzanquet, one of the *Force Ouvrière* leaders, himself boasted in an interview in the *New York Herald Tribune* of December 27, 1947, of the following categories of horny-handed sons of toil: "civil service workers, department store employees, hospital and public health trades unionists, hairdressers, teachers, drug store employees and travelling salesmen."

It is true that the recent anti-strike Act does not go so far as, shall we say, the Greek anti-strike law, which forbids strikes altogether and punishes incitement to strike with death. But it goes further than the Taft-Hartley Act in the United States. I am sure the French workers will be edified by M. Grumbach's defence of this Act.

Does M. Grumbach deny that Léon Blum failed to form a Cabinet because the Gaullists objected to his speech denouncing de Gaulle as well as the Communists, and that M. Robert Schuman was able to form a Cabinet because he did not denounce General de Gaulle and was acceptable to the de Gaullists, being regarded by them as a crypto-Gaullist? Does he deny further that the drop of 10 per cent. in the M.R.P. vote in the municipal elections was due to most of their electors going over to the Gaullist R.P.F., and that a large proportion of the M.R.P. members of the Chamber are likely to do the same at the first opportunity? And they are the dominant partner in the "Third Force."

The French Socialist Party has adopted many resolutions but, unfortunately, the leaders of the Party in Parliament have paid no attention to them. This applies also to the resolutions of the National Council in June, 1947: the leaders of the Party have raised no protest against the breaking off of trade negotiations with the Soviet Union and the embitterment of diplomatic relations. On the contrary, I have myself heard one leader explain that France did not need trade with the U.S.S.R., and that no importance need be attached to the reversal of what has been traditional French policy for half a century. Another leader actually welcomed the break in trade relations as improving France's chance to obtain American favours.

Yes, I was impressed by Léon Blum. He is the fine flower of French culture and one of the most distinguished, intelligent and charming human beings whom I know. I profoundly respect his character, personality and stature as a man. But, since Léon Blum has said it himself publicly in *Le Populaire*, I may remind my friend Grumbach that I told him after the interview how astonished I was at the blindness displayed by Léon Blum at the dangers threatening European Socialism from imperialist American big business and militarism.

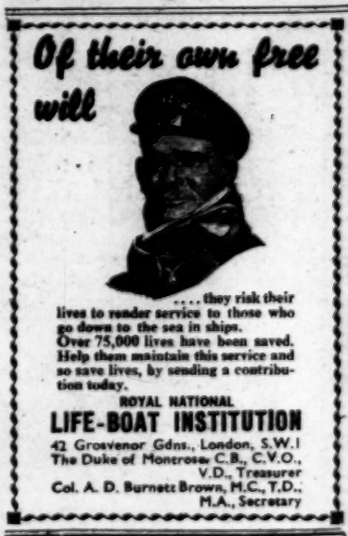
Frankly, I believe that a Socialist Party which loses touch with the working class and is obsessed by anti-Communism is doomed. The working-class history of Europe between the wars is strewn with the corpses of such parties and with the ruin they have wrought. Perhaps Grumbach remembers our talk in Geneva in 1936, when I was passionately indignant at the betrayal of the Spanish Republicans by the Léon Blum Government out of sheer political cowardice. I told him then that the French Social Democrats were marching along the same road as their German forbears. K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

THE "RUSSIA" COMPLEX

SIR,—A footnote to Mr. Crossman's penetrating article: was not the importance of Russia, especially in the 1930's, that it provided the myth that was needed to make humanism a religion? The most typical articulate Russophils of the decade—Auden, Koestler, Isherwood, Spender and the rest—were men of an essentially religious temperament. By the time of the 1931 slump the dispirited hedonism of the 'twenties—the philosophy of *Point Counter Point*, *The Vortex* and *The Waste Land*—had spent itself. The reaction among educated people away from cynicism coincided with the emergence of mass unemployment among the working class. Hence many intellectuals found a faith where the dispossessed found a hope—in Russia and its revolutionary gospel. It was a faith at once empirically relevant and rationally argued; it allowed the residual bitterness from the *Zeitgeist* of the 'twenties to express itself against traditional, i.e., "bourgeois," institutions, and its world-picture of inherent struggles had a subtle appeal to the schizoid psychology of the average intellectual. But above all else it was a philosophy of action. And Spain, which provided the field of action, was perhaps more important than Russia, which furnished the myth. And surely it was the failure of the Spanish Crusade, rather than the news of iniquities in the Russian Heaven, which marked the decay of the faith into the "complex" Mr. Crossman speaks of?

I suspect that the Russia Complex will exist until some other faith can replace the Russophil humanist religion of the 'thirties. Christian Socialism, in Acland's wartime Common Wealth and Gollancz's post-war movement, has made a bid to do so, but as yet it has not succeeded. One difficulty is that humanism by its nature is *not* a religion, although it is the nearest approach to a religion, perhaps, that the average intellectual can bring himself in this age to embrace; humanism has not the power to move mountains nor even the power that every religion has to move men *in extremis*. MAURICE CRANSTON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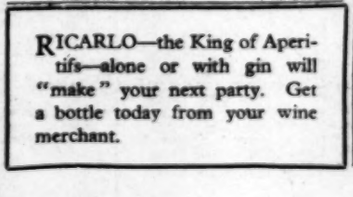

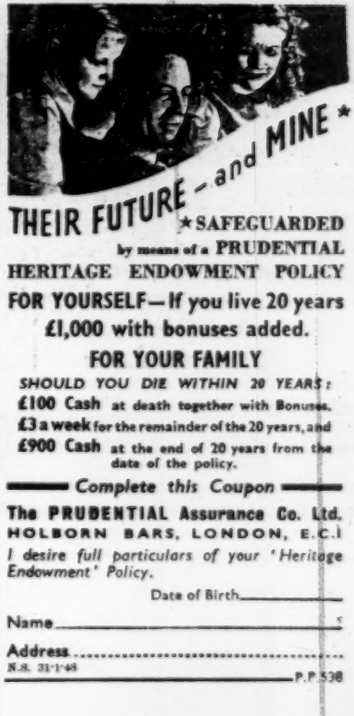
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PALESTINE

SIR,—You argue that, unless the Arabs can be persuaded to accept partition, the chaotic state that would ensue throughout the Middle East might well open the door to Russian military intervention. But you believe that fear of Russia might induce the Arab League to accept the Uno decision, and you argue that this fear should be exploited by the British Government to that end.

This line of argument ignores a paramount fact, namely, that the acceptance by the Arab League of a Jewish State in Palestine would itself be the surest means of plunging the Middle East into chaos and opening its doors to Russian influence and intervention. Public sentiment in all the Arab countries is so inflamed over the Palestine issue that any Arab Government that weakened in its resistance to partition would be in great danger of being overthrown together with the regime it represented. If the Arab League were to accept, under British persuasion, a Jewish State in Palestine, the result would be precisely that anti-Western flare-up throughout the Middle East which you fear and which at the same time would be a revolutionary uprising of the masses of the people against the existing Governments and regimes of the Arab world. Thus the very considerations which you urge, if no other motives, must compel the Arab States to resist partition.

You accuse the Arab experts of the British Government of having "underestimated so often in the past the strength and the will-power of the Jews." May I point out that you are guilty of the opposite error of underestimating the strength and the will-power of the Arabs, and that the entire policy which was launched by the Balfour Declaration and has led to the present disastrous situation in Palestine has been largely the product of this error, so assiduously inculcated by the Zionists, so readily accepted by their unrealistic supporters in the West? The whole Zionist project was based on the assumption that sooner or later the Arabs could be either induced or forced to accept it. What a crass miscalculation this was should now be apparent to the world. Yet it is to this miscalculation that you still pin your hope of the peaceful establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine, though now you seem to admit that the strength and will-power of the Jews is not sufficient by itself but must be reinforced by the Russian threat skilfully deployed by the British Government.

You may be right in assuming that the Jews would rather fight than forego the National State awarded them by Uno, but your assumption that the Arabs could be persuaded to yield is groundless. The attempt to establish a Jewish state in Palestine was from the beginning bound to plunge the Middle East into conflict. The attempt to do it through the agency of the United Nations was bound to involve grave international dangers. When the Arabs warned of this in the past, you and those who share your views dismissed their warnings and ignored the dangers which you now seem to see so clearly.

The Arab Office. EDWARD ATIYAH

THE DOCTORS' DILEMMA

SIR,—As a G.P. in favour of the N.H.S. dare I suggest that your comments on the issue between G.P.s and the Service are not quite fair?

There are several weak points in the Act, on some of which I think it would have been wise of the Minister to compromise. His failure to do so makes him partly responsible for the present regrettable bitterness. Here are some of the points: (i) Lack of protection by the courts for the unorthodox, unpopular doctor; (ii) The illogical midwifery position; (iii) The low mileage allowance for rural areas; (iv) The restriction of mobility.

The Government's interpretation of the Spens G.P. scales was a blow to many. I compute that the average G.P. plus secretary-wife will earn about £1,100 p.a. net. Moreover, with the increased work which will follow free attention, more G.P.s will be needed in the scheme, thus this figure will fall.

Finally, the compensating values, such as: (i) easing of the seven days a week harassment; (ii) locum during illness and for post-graduate study, etc., will take a few years to arrive.

We shall always lack the freedom from responsibility of the Church and Army, the leisure of teachers, the excitement and fun of editors. On the other hand, the Act offers us service under dignified conditions with no distasteful vested interest in ill-health. "TWENTY YEARS G.P."

WHITEHEAD

SIR,—I did not, as Mr. Britton suggests, say that the obscurity of philosophers is "nothing but bad craftsmanship." I said that philosophical writing may be obscure for either of two reasons: the first, that the nature of that which the philosopher was trying to express was obscure; the second, that he had no art of writing clearly and that there was, therefore, needless obscurity in his mode of expression. My remark that the obscurity of philosophers was "nothing but bad craftsmanship" referred only to those cases in which philosophical writing is obscure for the second reason.

Moreover, even if "the traditional terminology of metaphysics is," as Mr. Britton asserts, "infected with vagueness and ambiguity," it does not follow that it is always so infected to an equal degree. Bertrand Russell is as clear as anybody could wish; Hume wrote with enchanting clarity.

Whitehead's generosity and kindliness are not in question, but they are also not to the point. The point is whether he was or was not a great philosopher and as to that it is, I venture to insist, too soon to tell. C. E. M. JOAD

MONTEVERDI'S "VESPERS"

SIR,—Your new Radio Critic, Mr. Henry Reed, comments as follows on the Third Programme's recent broadcast of my edition of Monteverdis "Vespers": ". . .I hope that the later programmes won't once more discover the vocal inadequacy so often revealed by the Third's resuscitations of ancient music. We have in England a strong tradition of genteel insipidity in the presentation of this; performances like the recent Monteverdi Vespers leave one embittered and frustrated. One longs for the glorious roar of the chorus under the dome, and is rewarded by gathering swallows twittering in the skies . . ."

Exactly because I believe in the integral importance of the radio critic for experimental musical broadcasts of the above-mentioned type, I submit that sweeping generalisations will not do in this case. Profoundly as I sympathise with Mr. Reed's frustration, I shall be unable to relieve him of it, as long as he does not plainly state where the vocalists of the "Vespers" went wrong. Does he refer to the choir in general or to the vocal soloists? And does he really imagine, the two solid hours' performing time of the "Vespers" should uninterruptedly be filled by "the glorious roar of the chorus"? A unicoloured interpretation of that kind would be as insipid (the expression is Mr. Reed's) as a performance of J. S. Bach's instrumental music without any application of light and shade. There are most certainly some sections in this "Vespers," which seem quite adequately characterised when compared to "the gentle twittering of swallows." As long as Mr. Reed does nothing to substantiate his grievances I shall continue to believe, that (to conclude his line of zoological similes) in the case of Monteverdi's "Vespers" he is barking up the wrong tree. H. F. REDLICH

"BRONZE HORSE."

SIR,—The only reply to flat, bumptious assertion is flat, bumptious assertion. I therefore assert that Mr. Forsyth's play *Bronze Horse* is not dull, flat and platitudinous and that Mr. Henry Reed must be a very stupid fellow. JAMES BRIDIE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE issue of a crisis," writes Professor Namier, "depends not so much on its magnitude as on the courage and resolution with which it is met." In this sentence he sums up the lessons of Munich and sets the tone of what will remain an authoritative study of the diplomacy which led up to it. The publication of the relevant British documents will fill many gaps, particularly in the history of the Anglo-Russian negotiations, but it is unlikely that it will substantially modify the main outlines which are carved out in the lapidary pages of *Diplomatic Prelude*.* Here for posterity is sculptured the soul of the epoch when

> The best lack all conviction; and the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

Inevitably in a diplomatic history of the Munich crisis, the foreground is filled by the German politicians and the ambassadors in Berlin. Objectivity is achieved not by a futile attempt to ape the wisdom of the gods—who, looking down from above the struggle, see everything with a grand synoptic vision—but by a deliberate selection of one facet of the tragedy. There is "distortion" in *Diplomatic Prelude*, but it is the distortion of historical perspective; and it does not obscure the truth, provided that we remember the narrow limits which Professor Namier has set himself—to study the available documents and to interpret them as diplomatic history in the light of all the relevant information available. It is one of his achievements that he has disguised from the inexpert reader the vast amount of research which has gone into his work; important new facts are revealed almost casually in his narrative. Like Thucydides, and unlike many modern scientific historians, he regards it as his task to let the story tell itself and not to advertise his own diligence. His personality rarely obtrudes itself, and when it does, it is chiefly to express distaste for the egotistical incompetence of Nevile Henderson. Professor Namier is himself too good a draughtsman and too precise a stylist to control his resentment at the unprofessional sloppiness of our Berlin Ambassador. No count against him is too trivial to be omitted. It is a fair criticism of *Diplomatic Prelude* to remark that Munich would not have been averted if Sir Nevile had got all the dates in his diary correct.

What emerges from this monumental study? First, I think, the inextricable involvement of the Western democracies in the Versailles settlement. The strength both of the German and of the Russian position was that neither was tied to the peace treaties. This gave them a freedom of manœuvre denied to France and Britain. Professor Namier illustrates this at length in the case of Poland. Created to act as a buffer between Germany and Russia, Poland could exist only on the basis of German-Russian tension, balancing acrobatically between them. A peace front against Hitler, which included the Poland of Colonel Beck, was bound to exclude Russia. But a peace front *with* Russia would have involved not merely an ultimatum by Britain and France to Colonel Beck, but the destruction of the Versailles system and the acceptance of Russian ascendancy in Eastern Europe. This, as Professor Namier observes, could be accepted by the Allies during the war as a *fait accompli*. But Chamberlain and Bonnet could not carry it through as an act of will in 1938. You can escape from your past only if someone else destroys it for you. So Hitler and Stalin joined together to destroy Poland and the Versailles settlement, from which both had been excluded. But in so doing they destroyed the only motive for German-Russian agreement, just as five years later the destruction of Germany was to cut the only knot which bound the Western Powers to the Soviet Union. Common fears are stronger ties between nations than common interests, and the surest way to destroy an alliance is to remove the enemy of which both partners are afraid.

Does history therefore reconcile us to appeasement? No! But it drives us to look farther back for its causes. Seen in retrospect and in detail, the nexus of a political crisis has a terrifying inevitability. The range of free will seems to be narrowed until only madmen like Hitler—who could call off war one week and declare it the next for no apparent reason—seem to retain the power of choice. What we see now is that the decisions and indecisions which fashioned our destiny in 1938 and 1939 occurred long before the actual crisis. Chamberlain, Bonnet and Beck were slaves of their own past. It had cut the grooves along which their appeasement policy was bound to run. Acts of cowardice, accumulated during the piping days of victory and peace, form habits and policies which move with their own momentum in the sudden crisis. So Foreign Ministers become appeasers and their critics Cassandras.

"Ambiguity is the soul of appeasement." With this observation, Professor Namier exposes the real infamy of the Baldwin-Chamberlain policy. By betraying their own well-understood Conservative principles, as advocated by men like Vansittart and Duff Cooper, and by paying lip service to the new ideas of the League while sabotaging them in practice, the appeasers destroyed both the alternative policies open to this country. Appeasement can only be understood once we realise that it was not a policy at all, but a habit of refusal to face realities, a sanctimonious self-deception which surrendered the initiative to Hitler in the name of peace and decency and law and order, a deliberate spinelessness justified by speeches about respect for public opinion. Having left the people leaderless and deluded, the appeasers argued that the mood of the people made leadership impossible. They identified the most dangerous disease to which democracy is liable—ambiguity—with democracy itself; and so the totalitarian states appeared in contrast to be masters of their fate.

In *To the Bitter End*† we turn to the other side of the shield. Hans Gisevius is one of the few survivors of the conspiracy against Hitler of July 20th, 1944, and his memoirs will provide material for the historian. His subject is the appeasers of the Third Reich; the men who permitted Hitler to come to power, tolerated the consolidation of the Nazi State, and sought to overthrow him when it was too late. Although written as an apologia for the German opposition, *To the Bitter End* provides a tragic picture of its inner dissensions and its ineffectiveness. Gisevius himself, an able young lawyer who "found himself" in the Gestapo in 1933, and served later in Admiral Canaris's Secret Intelligence, is not an attractive personality. He has none of the idealism of the Moltke group; and his work lacks the political penetration of Rauschning's *Revolution of Nihilism*. Like Kravchenko, he protests too much about his own early conversion, and he claims an omniscience about things of which he had no first-hand knowledge, which makes the reader sceptical of his story as a whole.

But despite these deficiencies, *To the Bitter End* is a fascinating book. Gisevius, who was certainly in a position to know most of the "dirt," provides new evidence about the Reichstag fire, the blood-bath of July 30th, 1934, and the Fritsch-Blomberg crisis of 1938. His picture of the pornographic bluff and double bluff which hastened the dismissal of Blomberg and of Fritsch is so nauseating that it may well be true. With regard to the Munich crisis, he confirms Halder's story that, if the Western Powers had stood firm, the Nazi regime would have collapsed, since the western front was virtually undefended. Even in 1939, according to his account, a French offensive during the Polish campaign would have overrun the West Wall and finished the war within a few months. It is ironic to learn from Professor Namier's history of French-Polish negotiations that the French Government violated a secret military agreement in not undertaking this offensive within sixteen days of the German attack on Poland.

It is fortunate for the reputation of the conspirators of July 20th that von Hassell's diaries§ appear simultaneously with *To the Bitter End*. Here, in contrast with the *ex post facto* apologia of Gisevius, we have the genuine, unedited jottings of a diplomatist of the old school as he went about his business in the Third Reich. These diaries, which run from 1938 to 1944, should be compared page by page with Gisevius's story and checked against the authoritative record of Alan Dulles, the American O.S.S. man in Switzerland who was the contact with the conspirators. Hassell emerges as a man of integrity and culture, afflicted by that melancholy which we nearly always find in the noblest Germans. Unlike most of the conspirators, he was above personal ambition and had no real hopes of success. He knew his fellow countrymen and particularly the German military caste too well to escape from a sense of futility and dilettantism. For anyone who has read Tacitus, his diaries recall the atmosphere of imperial Rome, where the aristocrats talked and plotted treason with an arrogant lack of discretion in the salons, while the new men ruled the world and debauched themselves. He felt the same nausea at moral corruption, attempted as vainly to restore a golden age which had never existed, and died with the same stoic fatalism. His diaries will be read by the few long after the many have forgotten the sensationalism of *To the Bitter End*.

The importance of Gisevius and von Hassell is the insight which their books provide into the mentality of the generals and the civilians who formed the main opposition to Hitler between 1938 and 1944. They were in one sense counterparts of Bonnet, Chamberlain, and Pétain. Their appeasement also was rooted in ambiguity. Apart from the younger circle round Moltke and von Trott—idealistic democrats and Socialists who had little influence on the policy of the conspirators—none of them seems to have regretted Hitler's destruction of German democracy. What appalled them was his attack on the Junker principles of order and authority as represented in the civil service, the law courts, the army and the churches. Hence their fatal ambiguity. They desired the Nazi revolution up to a point, and their aim was to transform a totalitarian into an authoritarian regime.

On foreign policy they were equally indecisive. They were opposed not to expansion, but to defeat. In 1940, von Hassell drew up the programme for the *Putsch* which was planned to prevent the invasion of the West. It outlines a military regime without a glimmer of liberal inspiration, and proposes that the generals, after they have seized power, will continue the war until the Allies concede to Germany the frontiers of 1914. Right to the end, the conspirators seem to have been united in this at least, that what they wanted was a German victory—but without the Nazis. Only the Moltke group, who were against the *Putsch*, saw the necessity of accepting defeat.

Since most of the conspirators were soldiers, they based their opposition on Hitler's incompetence as a general. When his bluff succeeded, the very basis of their opposition was undermined; and when the bluff no longer worked, it was too late. They were divided, as the Nazis themselves were divided, into westerners who wanted to ally Germany with Britain and France against Russia, easterners who wanted a continental bloc against the West, and "patriots" who believed that they could play one side off against the other. To the very last, as I myself can remember from reading Dulles's reports from Switzerland at the time, their envoys were playing the old German game and their overtures were rightly dismissed as worthless.

Yet there is little doubt that these few hun-

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* *Diplomatic Prelude.* By PROFESSOR L. B. NAMIER. *Macmillan.* 18s.

† *To the Bitter End.* By PROFESSOR GISEVIUS. *Cape.* 18s.

§ *The Von Hassell Diaries. Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

dred men, most of whom perished after terrible tortures in Gestapo prisons, included some of the finest Germans of their generation. They atoned for their appeasement by a conspiracy in which they displayed the highest courage, and if they could not think their way through to a European solution of the German problem, we have no right to cast stones at them for that.

What moral can be drawn from the study of appeasement? First, that the grooves of the second world war were formed by the peacemaking after the first. To-day we are still free either to prevent or to render inevitable the third. In the second place, we shall not avoid the mistakes of the 1920s merely by condemning the appeasement of Germany and seeking to do the opposite in our policy to Russia. If one thing emerges clearly from a reading of these books, it is the utter dissimilarity of the Nazi and Communist states. The peculiar horror of the Third Reich was its meaningless and purposeless sadism, its ruthlessness and sham. It made sense to say, "We must call Hitler's bluff" because this facade of revolution had nothing constructive to it, not even conformity with the German militarist tradition which von Hassell idealized in his worship of Bismarck. Hitler's Germany vanished, like Mussolini's Roman Empire, leaving nothing behind it save the stench of its own corruption. Whatever we may think of the Soviet Union, we underrate it if we compare it with the Third Reich or believe that policies which could have unseated Hitler without a war would be equally successful in containing Communism. Nazism—and its correlative, appeasement—were diseases of the Western mind which could only destroy the nations they infected. Communism is a philosophy whose challenge has to be met; and in Russia it has established itself—as Nazism never did in Germany—by conforming to the traditions and policies of a great power. Therein lies a world of difference. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

NEW NOVELS

Polly Fulton. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Scott-King's Modern Europe. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman and Hall.* 5*s.*

Miss Bendix. By NAOMI ROYDE SMITH. *Hollis and Carter.* 6*s.*

Question 1. *What is the thing this book hits us with? And does it reveal, or obscure, the official subject of the book?*

Question 2. *Assuming the reader to be, what Freud, I believe, defines the whole man as being: a baby riding on the back of an elephant, then in whom does the author take an interest? Does he attempt to charm the beast with buns and make him waltz to the sound of his flute? Or does he merely address a few well-chosen words to the baby?*

These questions come off a questionnaire we composed during the week-end, intended as a guide, aid or crutch to help the fiction critic in his arduous task. The questionnaire was long, but this is all of it we have space to grapple with here.

Marquand has decided to write the story of an American girl of extreme wealth, *Polly Fulton*, whose moneyed upbringing and the will to power that it has engendered ruins her marriage to the man with whom she is passionately in love. Her husband, Tom Brett, a teacher of English at Columbia University and consequently a comparatively poor man, loves her, too. But his masculine pride and his spiritual independence becoming gradually smothered by the high-handed ways of his rich wife, he leaves her, in favour of a little, uneducated, mouse of a typist in Washington—where, during the war years, he works.

See Question 1. The book starts with Polly Fulton, and ends with Polly Fulton, yet what has interested the author far more than Polly is the American man's world in and out of which she threads her way. The work is really an entertaining drawing of the mannerisms, idiom and vernacular of a conventional strata of the American upper classes. The behaviour of the wealthy industrialists is the most vivid and entertaining recollection of the book. Next comes the excellent character sketch of Polly's husband, the Columbia professor. Again we remember a satirical picture of a Captain in a nightclub, whose highly mannered passes at Polly later in the evening at her flat are excellent entertainment. But by and large it is the settings for, and the machinery of, the events that produce the satisfaction in this book. Those arrivals at railway stations in the snow, those long drives with millionaires in motor cars, or sweeping up gilded stairways to dinner parties with Washington's upper ten—we get the impression of being present at them all ourselves, and it is all great fun. And only when the emotional values and meanings of the scene are called into question does the illusion begin to fade.

Question 2. Does Marquand attack the elephant unconscious in the reader, set it dancing to his flute, or does he address only the baby—the surface consciousness? In other words, has he bothered to grapple with *style*, that necromantic power which defies analysis, but which mysteriously works its will through rhythm, through timing, through symmetry, through assymmetry and all the rest? (For it is certainly style which stirs emotion in us. Which causes the elephant to kneel down on the ground and weep. Or else rear up on his hind legs and go raving off through the jungle monsoons.) The answer is that the only one of the authors this week who has any skill with the elephant at all is Evelyn Waugh.

As usual Evelyn Waugh has all the ringmaster's tricks at his finger tips. In his latest satire he once again cracks a sure and elegant whip as only he knows how. And never did an elephant trot round the ring so smartly as under Mr. Waugh's direction. Literary style. Yes, he has it. As it is now some time since *Scott-King's Modern Europe* was first published and as undoubtedly his faithful public will by now have read it to a man, it is hardly necessary to dwell here upon the plot. It remains only for the grateful critic to remark how pleased he is that Mr. Waugh (after his last sad appearance in public, attired in white samite, crowned with orange blossom and suffering from such a woeful attack of influenza, or something worse) seems to have recovered so well his former health and robustness again. And to thank him heartily for this very delightful new experience.

Miss Bendix. What does the book hit you with? Religion. Miss Bendix is the story of a spinster who (although her father had been a Colonel and left behind him jewels and Hepplewhite chairs) seemed to have no money, no culture, no thoughts and no friends. Suddenly, one Good Friday, from having been completely conventional and conventionally religious, she started to think things out for herself. With a laudable desire to be strictly objective, but with scant powers of cerebration to help her, she proceeded to reorientate herself—and mankind in general—with regard to the Universe. The chief protagonists in her spiritual battles were the sunsets from her bedroom window. But there was also a scientific article in an ancient Victorian magazine. And again certain rash words dropped by a lecturing professor likening the energy that drives the planets in their orbits to the power of human thought, "which, being without substance, could be neither resisted nor destroyed." (From which remark Miss Bendix concluded that the Universe had been made by Man!) But this is, of course, to over-simplify. Full many is the long train of thought and emotion that Miss Bendix travels through. And many the psalms she quotes. She is led to reject religion altogether for a space, when she becomes shocked by the feeling that Man has created God in his own image. But the strain of this last phase is too much. She wakes up one morning to find a saving miracle has occurred—God is looking down at her rebukingly from the sun, through the bedroom window. From then on she does not again look back, but positively finishes up at last by joining the Catholic Church. We cannot pretend to have got this story really straight. And for this reason: the author, at the most important moments, seems to plunge into a private language of some sort. Or perhaps it is the language of religious ideas? Anyway it is not a vocabulary that plodding rationalists like ourselves can understand. Here, for instance, is Miss Bendix talking of the sun. She says: ". . . in whose motion we have the means whereby we recognise that there is another movement; a burning which does not destroy; the power that never was but is, yesterday, to-day, and forever." What does that mean, "in whose motion we have the means whereby . . ."? Well, there it is. We don't really understand what all this is about. JULIA STRACHEY

THAT INDIVIDUAL

A Kierkegaard Anthology. Edited by ROBERT BRETALL. *Oxford University Press.* 30*s.*

After a late and slow start, Kierkegaardian literature in English is now increasing rapidly. The first known study of him in English, Francis Fulford's, was printed privately round about 1908, and from then until Eduard Geismar's article appeared in the American-Scandinavian Review of October, 1929, there seems to have been no published notice of him. But since 1929, apart from ten large-scale books and some forty articles in Reviews, more than two dozen of his own works have been translated into English. It is more like an invasion than a discovery. And now comes an anthology with the promise of providing a nodal point to this increasing flood.

Kierkegaard can be understood only if his writings are comprehended as a whole. There is no escape from this, provided that it is Kierkegaard whom we wish to understand. But it is a heavy task, for which few are likely to have the leisure. One may, of course, enter at any point the vast body of this work and enjoy a single passage from it, just as one may enter an opera to enjoy an Aria. There is much in Kierkegaard to reward the tidbit seeker, much which is unsurpassed in sublimity, much which is unequalled in analytical and introspective penetration; but there is much which is turgid and oversubtilised. The point is that if our knowledge is limited to this, or to a single work or even to a single period, we miss the man. We miss him just as surely as we do in the caricature which Hans Andersen has given of him in *The Shoes of Fortune* and Ibsen in *Brand*. We are at our wit's end to know what all the fuss is about, to understand how it is that his ferment has shaken and wrenched apart the intellectual structure of Europe and now threatens to render the same disturbing service to ourselves.

Kierkegaard himself, in the posthumous *The Point of View for my Work as an Author* has given us what is, in effect, the overture to his *opera*. In a sense it may be considered as an independent self-contained work, but in another sense it is an indispensable running start towards a comprehensive view of the entire authorship. The present anthology does not and is not intended to replace *The Point of View*; yet because the purpose of the editor is to "give a picture of Kierkegaard's intellectual and spiritual development from the age of 21 until his death . . . traced by his own hand," we must ask if the central idea is seen with equal clarity and grasped with equal firmness, we must ask if we are given an opportunity to get the same depth of insight into the man and his relation to his work or are presented with a collection of carefully chosen pieces where the mood of the editor replaces the passion of the author as the cohesive element. The omission of an extract from *The Concept of Dread* supports this inquiry.

We have in this anthology a selection from sixteen different works arranged, with two exceptions, in the chronological order of their publication. Each is prefaced with a critical introduction and notes drawn from such authorities as Swenson, Wahl and Lowrie.

The selection includes the Diary of the Seducer, a masterpiece of characterisation, from the first volume of *Either—Or*; the Banquet Scene from *Stages in Life's Way*, which some critics hold to be the equal of Plato's Symposium; passages of close and subtle reasoning from the *Philosophical Fragments* and the *Concluding Unscientific Postscript*; a psychological examination of despair from *Sickness unto Death*; an analysis of the levelling process in modern society from the *Present Age*; religious discourses, and the sardonic scorn of his final period from *The Attack on Christendom*. It is, as the publishers say, a bird's-eye view.

But a bird's-eye view is not necessarily a total view. I quote from Kierkegaard: "When a man from a high point of vantage looks out over a flat plain and sees various highways running parallel with one another, then if he lacks intuition, he will see only the highways and the fields lying between will be practically invisible; or he will see only the fields and the highways will disappear; he who has the intuitive eye will see them collectively, will see the whole range intersected by the highways."

The editor has this intuitive eye; his introductions and his adroit selection of the Journal entries which preface each section is evidence of this, but he denies this eye to the reader. Because of one omission, the totality of the author is missing and the chronological arrangement does not save the collection from arbitrariness.

In his general introduction, the editor quotes with approval a certain Philip Merlan: "to understand Kierkegaard it is by no means necessary to find out the history of his engagement, whether his father did or did not curse God." But we do not understand Kierkegaard if we leave this matter out.

Kierkegaard's irony and penetrating analysis ought not to be presented as something external, but should be inwoven with the essential passion of a man who is himself in dread and despair and is perpetually striving to find a way out. The point is that from first to last we have Kierkegaard looking at himself in a glass and refusing to forget what manner of man he was. We have something as far removed as possible from morbid introspection; we have a clear, sane, objective examination. But this does not come from nothing. It springs from the inner passionate experience of melancholy which characterised the relation of father and son in the house in Copenhagen and reduced the son to despair and made it impossible for him to marry. And as the ground of this experience there lies the fact that the father did as a child curse God and could not forget it. According to our point of view, this may be comic or tragic or neither, but just a case of maniac depression which is best left to the attention of the specialist. Our point of view in this matter is irrelevant. What is relevant is that the passion of the man who is in dread and despair and his ironical treatment of himself as observed in this state and his penetrating objective analysis of the sickness be "heard" simultaneously. It is this simultaneity which the present editor denies to the reader, apparently because in his care to avoid the risk of giving this matter undue importance, as so many have done, he leaves it out and so leaves out a fundamental theme.

Two more journal entries—one relating to the "Law which explained all the facts" and the other beginning: "Had I had faith I should have remained with Regina"—would have sufficed. Then an extract from the *Concept of Dread* would have been unavoidable and the extract from *Sickness unto Death* would have been given its objective reference and this anthology, concise and strongly constructed as it is, would have been impregnated with the essence of the whole authorship. And yet, apart from *The Point of View*, it is and is likely to remain the best single approach to Kierkegaard's work.

E. F. F. HILL

THE NEW CULT

The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship. By STEPHEN POTTER. *Hart-Davis.* 6s.

There is among intellectuals, under which term I include artists, writers, composers, scholars, dons, critics and some politicians, a tradition of contempt for games, for playing games that is to say, as opposed to watching them and talking about them. For example, Somerset Maugham is the only intellectual of the first rank known to me who confesses to a love of bridge.

For this contemptuous indifference to games there are, no doubt, good reasons. Most intellectuals are bad at games and memory holds for them unpleasant experiences at their preparatory and public schools where, as clever, bespectacled, pasty-faced little boys, they were alternately cajoled by the gods of the playing field when they wanted their exercises done or their unseens construed, and kicked or otherwise maltreated when there was no use for their services. It may be that it was precisely this incompetence of their's in the matter of altering the position of balls in space that led them to take to books. . . . Once established, the addiction to books instead of balls is confirmed by the specialism of our time. The notion that a man should *both* row for his university and get a First in Greats died with the first world war, since when it has come to be taken for granted among us that athletes will be bone-headed and intellectuals bow-legged or pot-bellied or anaemic or constipated and turn their bedrooms into imitations of chemists' shops. Sometimes, indeed, our universities make the worst of both worlds and produce men with the heads of athletes on the bodies of thinkers. . . .

For my part, I cannot but think that this comparative indifference to games is ill-advised.

Games for intellectuals can be commended on three grounds. First, they prevent them from thinking about themselves and brooding upon the fact that they *are* intellectuals, thus keeping the psycho-analyst from the door. In this respect they are like fleas on a dog. Secondly, they enable them to conduct themselves with ease and pleasure in the company of non-intellectuals. What a relief from the conversation of non-intellectuals, what a relief even from the conversation of one's peers, to sit down and play bridge! If good conversation were not so rare and common conversation so bad, the case for games would be weaker, but as things are, games are the best guarantee both against being bored by and against boring other people.

Thirdly, even intellectuals have their combative and self-assertive instincts. Games sublimate these. But if they are to do this, games must, it is obvious, provide a conflict. In this conflict it is important to be the victor, but that no man is content to win without a struggle is evidenced by the fact that football is played not by eleven persons who unanimously and continuously kick the ball into the goal but by twenty-two persons, the sole *raison d'être* of eleven of whom is to *prevent* the other eleven from continuously kicking the ball through the goal; in other words, we want goals but we also want other people to stop us from getting them.

It is precisely because most intellectuals are not by nature endowed with the skill to win games yet like all human beings take pleasure in winning them, that they will be well advised to take advantage of the new art and science of "gamesmanship," defined as "the art of winning games without actually cheating," set forth for them in Mr. Potter's great work, a book which, I had better

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say at once, is destined to become a classic.

Although the art is novel, is, indeed, almost contemporary, its origins are shrouded in obscurity. It is true that Mr. Potter alleges it to have taken its rise from an incident in the life of an apochryphal character, C. Joad, "who in his own sphere is known as metaphysician and educationist." I cannot, however, help thinking that he is mistaken in this since he represents this person as merely asking for the information necessary to enable him to establish a point of fact. The point in question was whether a particular return of service fell inside the court or not. Now if he were indeed a metaphysician, the search for truth coupled with an insistent demand for the information by means of which truth could be established should not call for comment in so experienced an academic hand as Mr. Potter, still less cause him to acclaim the birth of a new cult. I can only deduce that he has been mistaken as to the origin of "gamesmanship."

But although there may be two opinions as to the value of Mr. Potter's scholarship in the matter of the origin of the cult, as to his treatment of its development there can be only one. He is a first-class authority and it is unlikely that his work will be superseded for many years. It is as Dr. Johnson would have said, neither "an arid collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults . . . but a gay and vigorous dissertation where delight is mingled with instruction." In other words, it is one of the brightest, wittiest, most amusing, pomp-deflating and bunk-dispelling parodies that I have had the good fortune to read these many years.

Here are rules for putting your opponent off at chess, bridge, tennis, billiards and golf, arranged under their appropriate headings of the Pre-Game, complete with map giving specimen route of the wrong way to drive from Maida Vale to the Dulwich covered courts, thereby producing Flurry in the prospective opponent who is driving you; Winmanship with a note on how to give praise and advice to your opponent at the most tellingly untimely moments; Lunchmanship, containing a number of profound observations on the technique of upsetting your opponent by contriving to be "one drink up"; Losemanship, with its account of "Hampers" Primary, Primitive and Secondary, with a supplementary note on the "Hampette"; and Lost Game Play, the whole concluding with Appendices on Etiquette, Diet, and "Chapter Headings from 'Origins'—dubious these last, as I have suggested—'and Early History of Gamesmanship.'"

From such a wealth of material Gamesmen will choose at their pleasure. For my part I found a special appeal in: (1) the note on Clothesmanship, the principle, namely, of dressing inappropriately, if your opponent is dressed correctly and overwhelming him with a display of the right clothes if his own are faulty, crystallised in the slogan, "If you can't volley, wear velvet socks"; and (2) Potter's Chess Opening only to be used against a superior player, which consists of three random moves followed by resignation.

I hesitate to add a "Gamesman" story of my own, as it seems to me just conceivable that it might be true, but as all the other reviewers of this book have come forward with contributions, I am unable to resist the temptation to make an offering. The story concerns the late W. G. Grace, prince of Gamesmen, taking in his comparative old age a visiting team to a public school. There is a good lunch and it is a hot afternoon and the last thing that the Doctor wants is to go out into the field. The coin is spun. "Monkey!" calls the Doctor very loudly. "Monkey it is, we'll bat!" he joyously remarks as the coin comes down. What schoolboy captain could avow, in the face of such an enormous prestige, his ignorance of the precise connotation of the term, "Monkey"?

C. E. M. JOAD

SPANIARD, MESTIZO, AND CREOLE

The Fall of the Spanish American Empire. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Hollis and Carter.* 21s.

"God is hurting me," exclaimed a modern Spaniard, Miguel de Unamuno, as though he were suffering from a physical malady such as toothache. The Spaniard is attracted by extremes, spiritual and material. During periods of vitality he concentrates with such intensity on God and the Self that they are unified in him and he becomes irresistible, able to accomplish miracles. When the conquistadorial *élan* weakens, however, the relapse is dramatic in its completeness. The Spaniard is then confronted by a no-man's-land that he has neglected to cultivate. He finds that he is lacking in the social qualities, the ability to organise his life on a basis of reasonableness and compromise. He then becomes a passionate observer of his own shortcomings. This characteristic of the Spanish temperament already existed in the days of the Empire. The half-Inca, half-Spaniard, Garcilaso, reported of that ruthless *conquistador*, Alvarado, that "when asked where he ached, he always answered: 'In my soul.'" The centuries passed, and in 1740 another Spaniard, cynical and self-critical, wrote:

> I bequeath to my successors some valuable possessions which a Genoese acquired for me, dethroning Emperors and depriving of their liberty peoples over whom I had no better rights than they over me; however, after consulting Ambition and Force, they approved me for it, and I now declare that I possess these vast domains by usurpation and fraud, so that all arguments and justified complaints against me on that score are met.

Meanwhile the local populations of Latin America were acquiring self-confidence; revolutionary ideas had begun to seep in from Europe; and the enemies of Spain were sapping her strength.

Sr. Madariaga's avowed object is to vindicate the achievement of Spain in the Americas. I feel that he is too sensitive in this respect, and it is rather when he is analysing the shortcomings of his own race (as he does with all fairness) that he reveals its greatness. They failed for all the right reasons: because they did not scorn to intermarry with the indigenous races; because they stubbornly refused to observe or to enforce their own laws; because they doubted their own merits; because they read Rousseau and Voltaire and were susceptible to the liberal theories of the eighteenth century. Therefore, whereas the author's previous book (which dealt with the rise of the Empire) protested too much, the *Fall*, offering all the evidence concerning the dissolution, is a magnificent and convincing human document. If the Spaniards had been less human, their Empire might have lasted longer. Or would it? Could any power on earth in such a revolutionary age have held together this vast area of mountain, jungle and desert, these infinitely varied, mixed and turbulent races?

As one would expect, Sr. Madariaga provides a brilliant interpretation of the various local human elements: Indian, Negro, Mestizo, Creole. The Indian, who is so rigidly held by the forces of the earth that he can only escape their heavy grip by means of alcohol, and whose submissiveness is illustrated by his clothing and his art:

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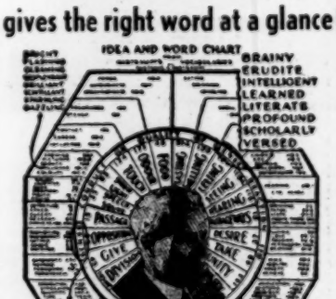

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The Indian never "sculpted" his garments. His sleeves never were more than bare prolongations of his back and front. This passivity before the material reappears in the parallel or repetitive form of most of his designs, as well as in the very poise and shape of his human and animal figures.

The negress who, yearning for whiteness, by every conquest of a Spanish youth "raised by one degree the colour of her offspring" and thereby "was the innocent instrument of the spirit which worked for the unity of the Spanish empire."

The Mestizo who carried within him the vigour of the conqueror, the leisurely pride of the settler, the creative charity of the early friar, the vicious, lascivious epicureanism of the later friar, the greed of the *corregidor*, the barbarous contempt of the brutal priest for the passive and long-suffering Indian; the tacit assertion of the right to rule which the abler stock of men assumes towards its subjects.

The Creole, who in his arrogance began to despise Europe and to call himself American. Such was the local human material.

Sr. Madariaga has brought his story up to the end of the eighteenth century. The continent already teems with the "precursors" of independence. "If," says Sr. Madariaga, "if these men and their Spanish-European friends had sallied forth into the world with less Spanish Quixotic indifference to realities, with more of the ballast of experience Sancho recommended in vain to his master, they might have rejuvenated all the Spains." But he does not reproach them. They were the product of Spain, the Americas, and the age. And they prepared the theatre for Bolivar, who is now waiting uneasily in the wings, Rousseau in his pocket and a sword in his hand.

GEORGE PENDLE

MOBY DICK

Moby Dick. By HENRY REED. *Cape.* 6s.

The practice of publishing the text of the more ambitious radio dramas is growing; it ought to become the custom. For this new art is evanescent. Two or three performances on the air and that is the end of it: a condition which is heartbreaking for writers and bewildering to the public. It indeed surprises me that the B.B.C. itself has not published a volume or two of its best plays, or that it should not issue some periodical collection; it would provide a solid library upon which writers for the radio might reflect at leisure. From the readers' point of view there is everything to be said for publication; so much is inevitably missed by the ear, so much more will be gained after a new performance, if the text has been read. It has the inestimable value of a musical score. (Our enjoyment of *In Parenthesis*, for example, was enormously enhanced by the fact that a dramatic text, if not the radio text, had been available in book form for many years.) And then, from the reader's point of view, the poetic dramas of the radio are considerably more readable than plays for the stage. Their transitions are smoother, their context is more ample; they dispense more readily with scene and actor.

What do we learn about the art from a reading of Mr. Reed's *Moby Dick*? This profuse, oratorical and complex novel with its shifting symbolism and its huge documentation was a promising subject for the radio in two respects: the fullness of its language and its central mystery. Ahab and his mania were obviously presentable. The difficulty was that it was a tale of action and of that least theatrically malleable kind of action: the chase. The curse of the stage—even of the radio stage which is set in the listener's mind—is that it cannot *follow* the actors as the cinema does. A "chase" play like *Escape* suffered precisely from this sense of standstill. Mr. Reed recognises the difficulty to some extent when he points out the trouble he had in dramatising the three final attempts upon Moby Dick. I have not heard the two performances, but I suspect that in the first there was some lack of clarity here; that our inner eye was on too many things; our ear straining after too many diversions. The high

Company Meetings

LLOYDS BANK

VALUE OF MONETARY POLICY

The annual meeting of Lloyds Bank, Limited, was held on January 30 at the Head Office, London.

The following is an extract from the statement circulated by the chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, D.L., with the report and accounts:—

Our profit at £1,635,612 is £52,000 higher than last year. Current, Deposit and Other Accounts at £1,072 million show a further increase and are £59 million higher than last year. It is gratifying to record the substantial increase of £50 million in loans and advances.

The twelve months that have passed since the last meeting have done nothing either to relieve our austerities or to allay our anxieties. I do not think the grim realities of the situation are understood by the great bulk of our population, least of all by that large section whose money incomes have kept ahead of the rise in the cost of living. The situation is one which I believe can only be met if monetary policy is called in aid, for it is vital to realise that our external deficit, like so many of our problems, has been aggravated by inflation. That means an excess of demand in relation to the goods available. It follows that our urgent needs are two-fold: on the one hand increased production of coal, food and manufactures for export and home consumption; on the other hand, increased savings.

Monetary policy rightly applied will do much to help in both these fields. Above all, a large budget surplus is needed to mop up the excess purchasing power, and any American aid we receive must be reflected in a corresponding addition to the surplus. To cure inflation we must stimulate the output of goods. A really effective surplus must be achieved, as far as possible, by reduced public expenditure; it must be achieved in spite of some reduction in direct taxation, and the surplus must be a genuine one, reflecting a curtailment of private spending. To promote the necessary saving I postulate a rate of interest not under 3 per cent on long-term securities.

EFFECT OF CONTROLS

It is not sufficiently realised how largely our present troubles are due to the unhealthy monetary situation. The lack of adequate working stocks of all kinds is undoubtedly responsible, as much as any other factor, for the widespread decline in productivity. It has been made crystal clear that physical controls cannot possibly secure the maximum production, in the right proportions, of the things we need most urgently, particularly when extensive resort cannot be had to the most distasteful of all physical controls, the direction of labour. Physical controls have not achieved their basic object of holding in check the total demands on our resources, with the result that as a nation we have been consuming far more than we have produced. Reduced food prices have merely deflected spending power from essential to inessential objects; and thus austerity has been largely wasted.

Quite apart from the financial saving to be made, there are compelling economic reasons for an immediate reduction in food subsidies and for their ultimate extinction. Inevitably this will cause some initial hardship, which it will be the duty of the Government to mitigate, but it is of far greater benefit to the wage-earner to give him better value on which to spend his wages than to give him more money which buys progressively less goods.

From the point of view of saving, the return of a 3 per cent rate on long-term Government borrowing is welcome. This is altogether healthier than a lower level at which the risk of capital loss outweighs the jejune attraction of the meagre yield. One of the greatest hindrances to saving is the growing lack of confidence in the future purchasing power of money.

The immediate future is one of great danger. Difficult and perilous as our position is, if the price mechanism could be harnessed to work with the physical controls instead of against them, and if the people could be made aware of the dangers in which they stand, I should have no fear for the future.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

NEED FOR UNRELAXED EFFORT

The statement by the Hon. RUPERT E. BECKETT, chairman of Westminster Bank, Limited, has been circulated to shareholders with the report and accounts for the year ended December 31, 1947, which will be presented at the annual ordinary general meeting at the head office on Wednesday, February 4th. The following is an abridgement of the statement:—

The year 1947 can only be described as one of great disappointment to us all, in spite of some improvement in certain directions towards its close. Internally, the exhaustion of inadequate stocks of coal in a winter of exceptional severity led to the shutting down of industry, with a loss in production which cost us £200,000,000 in exports alone, whilst externally the convertibility of sterling arising from current transactions had to be suspended little more than one month after it became operative on July 15th last, owing to the rapid dwindling of our dollar resources.

In our visible trade we were on the wrong side in 1946 by £333,000,000 and last year the gap widened to £600,000,000. Concealed within the figures for our total trade is the even more serious hard-currency deficit of £300,000,000, which we cannot make good except by drawing on our reserves of gold and dollars. These amount in all to £250,000,000, apart from the £500,000,000 hard-currency reserves of the whole of the sterling area. Our external indebtedness had reached the enormous total of £5,300,000,000 by December last.

Under the Government's plans for 1948 we should require £1,600,000,000 of imports, and Government expenditure overseas would be £100,000,000. Our total exports, if we fulfilled our export programme, should yield £1,550,000,000, and invisible earnings another £130,000,000, so that total receipts and payments should thus be brought into balance. Our imports of food are to be cut by at least £12,000,000 a month and there is a projected increase in exports of no less a figure than £31,000,000 a month. This increase in exports entails a considerable expansion in our production, which must be achieved in spite of most severe handicaps. Our resources in manpower are probably approaching their maximum, and we must ensure that labour is not wasted, and is used in the right places.

We are constantly hampered by another difficulty—inflation, which, though less obvious, is none the less dangerous. It is most important that the problem be resolutely tackled before it gets out of hand.

Apart from the problem of production we have also that of selling our goods abroad. Buyers are becoming more discriminating, and competition is returning to the world's markets.

The outlook for 1948, sombre though it is, would have been grim indeed had it not been for the few indications of improvement which appeared towards the end of 1947. The coal industry practically reached the "indispensable minimum" target figure of 200,000,000 tons in 1947, and the resumption of coal exports on however limited a scale is a notable step forward. The 1947 production target for steel was reached, and with the improved output during the closing months of the year there are good hopes of attaining the target figure of 14,000,000 tons for 1948. Production in some sections of the textile industries has reached its highest level since the war, but as in other basic industries the shortage of labour is acute.

The level of production is still far below what it could and, indeed, must be, if the demands of our present circumstances are to be satisfied. Owing to the shortage of manpower, it is upon labour that the greatest responsibility lies. If miners are prepared to work longer hours, it is surely not unreasonable to expect other workers to do likewise. Every article produced and sold abroad helps to reduce the austerity of our conditions. It is time for everyone to realise that our future depends solely upon our own individual effort. President Truman's proposals if carried into effect will constitute an unparalleled act of national magnanimity. But we must plan to work out our own salvation and not relax efforts at self-help.

moment is the appearance of the turbanned whalers; the "ghosts" of the story are immensely dramatic. Their entrance for which Mr. Reed has properly prepared us in a very effective early moment of the play is terrifying; and how to turn a scene so intensely visual into an aural one is a typical difficulty of the story. The most instructive and enjoyable things in the text are Mr. Reed's own poetic introductions to the several scenes. These are exalted, refreshing, vivid and excellent; they are periods of spacious calm which are required by a narrative as stormy as this is. They suggest to me—and the value of this volume is that it is full of suggestions for those who are experimenting in this art—that the long, explanatory chorus or prologue could be used more largely to calm and to focus the listener's agitated inner eye; for I have rarely heard a radio play that I could honestly say I completely followed and understood. Mr. Reed's use of Melville's eloquence could not have been better. The longer speeches are models and all the lines are written by one with a felicitous ear.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Odes of Pindar. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. *University of Chicago Press, Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

Pindar was born with the golden spoon of a language in early maturity, whose word-currency was stable and undebased. Such lines as "Sons of Aiakos, riders in chariots of gold" produced in Greek the verbal equivalent of a Phidias or Puvis de Chavannes, whereas almost any translation into our devaluated modern tongue will be more like a still from Ben Hur. Words had not yet been trodden down by hungry generations—our own language, in this rather limited sense, has never been quite the same since Chaucer and Piers Plowman. To combat this inflationary tendency, ever recrudescent and always solved, each age has its own *alchimie du verbe*. The translator, however especially from literature of the golden world, having not to create but to re-create, must draw clean water in a dirty pot. The usual solution is to dye the water to a pleasing colour, while Professor Lattimore has rightly preferred to clean the pot—as Pindar himself says, Water is best! The result, which owes something I think to the Psalms and the only readable portions of Pound's Cantos, is a very fair reproduction of Pindar's cascades of naïve and splendiferous imagery. These Te Deums to the bloodless victories of runners and charioteers are the Greek equivalent of Auden's ode to the Sedburgh rugger team or Day Lewis's to the "two lieutenants." The translation is at its best, an inequality for which Pindar himself is to blame, in the Olympic and Pythian odes. These festivals took precedence over the Isthmian and Nemean, thus attracting the richest patrons and producing the biggest fees for the finest odes. Professor Lattimore will excite the general reader, and may confer that other service of the translator, the provision of food for meditation and re-inspiration in a creative poet.

The Mirror of Music 1844-1944. By PERCY A. SCHOLES. *Novello and Co.* and *Oxford University Press.* 52s. 6d.

Our oldest musical periodical, the *Musical Times*, attained its centenary in 1944; it was a happy idea to ransack those hundred volumes to provide a chronicle of the period as seen through contemporary eyes. Dr. Scholes has, in fact, done considerably more than this; at first glance one is inclined to wonder whether he has not been over-conscientious, for he has elected to divide his two large volumes into thirty chapters, each one consisting of a narrative in which the appropriate quotations and references are deftly embedded. Would not a more readable book—and one possessing the valuable quality of surprise—have been produced if the editor had merely printed in chronological order (with comments) whatever material happened to amuse and interest him as he went along? Probably it would; but the practical advantages of the present arrangement are great, and the editor's familiar liveliness of mind is a guarantee against dullness. These well-indexed and well-illustrated volumes have already proved valuable merely as a work of reference; in them one can trace things difficult to discover elsewhere, such as the progress of a given composer's reputation, the growth of the chamber music public, or the fluctuations of our concert-room behaviour. Odd and surprising facts pop up on every page; to take one example at random, we learn that Davison, the famous Victorian critic of *The Times*, whenever the name of Wagner was mentioned in his presence, used to cry "*Police! Police!*"

Week-end Competitions

No. 937

Set by Sebastian

Complaints are appearing in the press concerning the neglected condition of the graves of Charlotte Yonge and Charles Kingsley. The usual prizes are offered for an additional four verses of Gray's *Elegy* on this subject. Entries by February 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 934

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a twelve-line poem commemorating the ambivalent emotions of a parent seeing his children off to school.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Platitude, alas, is the Muse of parenthood and her obedient servants in this competition had a good old wallow. I have never before encountered, never before shared in (perhaps have never before provoked) such a shameless collection of tear-jerkers as appeared in this competition. Mr. Murdstone himself would have melted. An occasional hard case turned up. Cassandra Rollin, for example, with her: "Go, children! The nation, not I, pays the bill." There was illusionless L. E. J.:

> . . . No the puppies shan't go to the vet's
> [I do trust that by now they've been drowned.]

And the affronted J. C. B. Date:

> I thought it must be hard for you to tear
> Yourself from such advanced parental care.

There were the yearning, the torn, the hearty—sad, the guilty—the last an interesting lot. They punished themselves by complaining of the fees; and Fergie, who has it badly, went to extremes of laceration. I notice two momentous changes: first, the conviction that children have fun at school—the descendants of Mr. Creakle have gone; second, a change in parental humbug. The children depart—now we shall have time to read good books in peace! Not a word about the racketing of the good time parent. But Lindley Abbatt let the cat out of the bag:

> The bar is open . . . shall we have a drink?

The entry was very large. Corresponding as it did with the return to school, there was not time for emotion to be recollected in tranquillity, and the standard was only fair. E. M. Walker, R.D.C., Francys Heritage, V.M.E.C., Peebee, Mary Edwards, were notable. I award a guinea each to Chauve-Souris, Fergie, Allan M. Laing, Cassandra Rollin, Lindley Abbatt and L.E.J.

> "Well, goodbye, my Angels" [oh won't it be nice
> Not to have to play cards or sing songs
> After tea] "Why of course Dad will miss the
> tame mice!"

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> [He missed one, last night, with the tongs.]
> "Oh how *lost* we shall be without you, my pets!"
> [I've a notion where I shall be *found*:
> That's in bed.] "No, the puppies shan't go to the vet's"
> [I do trust that by now they've been drowned!]
> "Oh, I wouldn't buy that, poppet—not for Miss Snow,
> Not 'Ulysses,'—she might think it odd—
> You've read it?" [Good gracious! What *does* the child know?]
> "Now you're off!" [My poor darlings! Thank God!]
>
> L. E. J.

> Pah, but this Pullman has a brimstone stink!
> So, so, you little devils, let's be done:
> What, can you snivel, whelps? Since you were born
> I have been hungry for this holiday,
> Uneasy lest the mattock and the worm
> Should hansel me before I saw you go:
> There, take your tickets. Quick! The whistle . . . Oh
> Yes, Mr. Jabberwocker, their first term—
> Just, Mr. Jabberwocker, as you say—
> I, too, feel restless—ah, quite so—*forlorn*,
> Now my two chicks have—ah—precisely!—flown . . . .
> The bar is open . . . Shall we have a drink?
>
> LINDLEY C. ABBATT

> To Masters and deacons, priests, curates and vicars,
> Our sons we bequeath and you'll own it is true,
> That though they may spring from the best of all liquors
> Such sausage machines wait for boys such as you.
> Expel every vapour—save pen, ink, and paper,
> With quantum sufficit of "playing the game,"
> Twill open your throats—You will preach without notes,
> When inspired with doses that all taste the same.
>
> To Masters, who more execution have done,
> With or without cap or gown, cane or quill,
> Than hangman with halter or soldier with gun;
> Go, children! The nation, not I, pays the bill!
>
> CASSANDRA ROLLIN

> Thank God they've gone! And now I'll know release
> From yells and thuds and scuffling in the hall.
> I hear the long-case clock confirming peace
> With placid, stately ticking through the wall.
>
> No longer death-trap toys bestrew the floor,
> Parked by the little fiends just where they like:
> Jack's flying darts no longer shed my gore:
> I bark no shins on Gillian's ambushed bike.
>
> Silence and order reign at last. And yet
> Somehow the situation's not so hot.
> Damn it! I feel faint twinges of regret:
> I'll miss the little blighters quite a lot.
>
> ALLAN M. LAING

> Yes, it is with mix'd feelings, as a rule,
> A parent sees his children off to school:
> Relief that other folk, in other places,
> Will make them clean their teeth and wash their faces:
> Yet something in him, wiser far than he,
> Whispers, things are not as they ought to be;
> Asks, does one hire a man to lead one's life?
> To eat one's dinner? or embrace one's wife?
> Hints that, maybe, he buys his peace too dear,
> Being thus unfather'd nine months of the year;
> Suggests he's shed his manhood with his troubles;
> —And that's why, laughing, he so nearly bubbles.
>
> FERGIE.

> Fareweel tae a' ma dool an' care,
> O' blessèd peace I've earned ma share,
> Ma weans wad try the patience sair
> O' Job himsel';
> Aye clatterin' up an' doon the stair,
> Aye raisin' hell.
>
> An' yet it's eerie too, ye ken,
> When silence fa's on loch an' ben,
> An' nae voice echoes through the glen
> Or by the corrie;
> So when the bairns come hame again
> I'll no' be sorry.
>
> CHAUVE-SOURIS

Appointments Vacant

Many of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

CIVIL Service Commission. Applics. invited for post of Director of Studies, Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, to assume duty pref. in May, 1948, but in any case not later than August, 1948. Salary £1,700 a year; furnished residence available. Applicants (pref. under 45 years of age) must be of British nationality, and hold a good Univ. degree. Subjects included in the Departments controlled and co-ordinated by the Director of Studies are: Modern Studies, Modern Languages, Science and Mathematics. Post has superannuation benefits under the F.S.S.U. Further partics. and a form of applic. from Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, quoting No. 2089; completed form must be returned by Feb. 14, 1948.

APPLICS. invited for approx. 12 vacancies for permanent Statisticians in the Civil Service. Both men and women are eligible. Age: Candidates must be at least 30 on January 1, 1948. Qualifics.: Candidates will be expected to possess wide statistical exp. They must have a University degree with first or second-class hons. (or equivalent where there is no hons. degree) in statistics, or mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subject combined with statistics, or having obtained a degree with first or second-class hons. (or equivalent where there is no hons. degree) in mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subject without statistics, must have been employed whole-time for at least 12 months continuously on statistical work. Salary £900-£1,220 (men), £800-£1,050 (women). Partics. and form of applic. from Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2105. Completed applic. forms must be returned by Feb. 12 (Feb. 28 in case of overseas candidates).

THE Educational Interchange Council requs. a man or woman for its London office to be responsible for the development of the Council's work in Central Europe. Qualifics. should include administrative exp., some knowledge of the educational world, linguistic ability, and active interest in constructive measures for European understanding. Sal. £750. All applics. to be addressed to Council's Executive Officer, 43 Parliament St. London, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies, W.C.1. The Council invites applics. for a Lectureship in Roumanian Language and Literature now vacant. Exact sal. will be within normal Lectureship scale (min. starting sal. £560) according to qualifics. Applicants shd. submit their curriculum vitæ, together with copies of 2 testimonials, by Feb. 14, to the Director of the School as above.

PRISON Commission. Applics. invited for about 15 posts of Governor, Class V (Men) in H.M. Borstal Institutions and certain of H.M. Prisons. Candidates, who should be physically fit, must have attained the age of 21 on Jan. 1, 1948, and must have been born on or after the 2nd Aug., 1905. It is essential that candidates should have had personal exp. in dealing with men or boys, and be filled with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work. They should be men of sound general education able to fill a position of considerable responsibility. Commencing sal. of a Governor, Class V (London rate) is £360 p.a., rising by annual increments of £20 to £580 p.a., with free quarters or an allowance in lieu, medical attendance and medicines. Applics. in response to this announcement are not debarred by the provisions of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Forms of applic. and the regulations governing appointments may be obtained from Establishment Office, Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St. S.W.1. Completed applic. forms to be retd. by Feb. 21.

L.C.C. Physiotherapist (woman), (full or pt.-time) reqd. at Long Grove Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Epsom, Surrey. Must be registered with Chartered Society of Physiotherapy. Sal. £350, rising 40 £410 p.a. Pt.-time sal. pro rata plus 10 per cent. Commencing sal. according to exp. For applic. form, returnable by Feb. 6, send s.a. foolscap env. to Medical Officer of Health (HMS/I), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (91).

L.C.C. Major Establishment. An open competitive exam. for appointments to first-class (b) of the major establishment will commence May 3. Standard slightly higher than Intermediate Exam. of London Univ. Candidates must be 17½ and under 18½ on Aug. 1, 1948. Appointments reserved for those called for national service before taking up duties. Sal. £240-£20-£300-£25-£550. Promotion to higher administrative positions with sals. up to £1,100 p.a. is by merit. Applic. forms (O.C.1), obtainable from Clerk of Council, County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. reqd.). Forms to be returned with entrance fee of £1 by March 22. (142.)

NORTH Staffs W.E.A. Dist. Applics. invited for post of Dist. Sec. Sal. £500-£600 pensionable according to exp. Further partics. from Acting Dist. Sec., W.E.A., 2 Broad St. Hanley, to whom applics. to be sent by Feb. 21.

LEADER for Boys' Club (ages 14-18 years). Appointment from April 1. Salary £400 a year. For particulars, apply Head, Cambridge House (The Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement), 131 Camberwell Rd., S.E.5.

LEADER for Girls' Club (ages 13-18 years). Salary £300 a year. For particulars, apply Head, Cambridge House (The Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement), 131 Camberwell Rd. S.E.5.

Appointments Vacant—continued

COUNTY Borough of West Ham. Senior Assistants: Libraries Dept. Applics. invited from Associates of the Library Association for these positions, at a salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.1, of National Scales of salaries, plus London weighting of £20 p.a. and cost-of-living bonus of 23s. weekly for men and 18s. 6d. for women aged 21 or over. Partics. of duties and terms of appointment together with applic. form (which must be returned by Feb. 29, 1948), can be obtained from Borough Librarian, Central Library, Water Lane, Stratford, E.15.

SERVICE of Youth. Hertfordshire Education Committee—South-West Herts Division. Applics. invited for post of Warden of large mixed Youth and Adult Centre in Watford, attached to secondary modern school. Man or woman with exp. in Youth work. Candidates will be reqd. to do some teaching in this School, mainly with Seniors, supervise the Evening Institute, co-ordinate and develop School Youth Club activities, after care, etc. Sal. in accordance with Burnham Scale. Applics. (no forms issued), stating age, educ., qualifics. and exp., together with names of 2 persons to whom ref. can be made, shd. be sent to Divisional Educ. Officer, Educ. Office, Little Cassiobury, Hempstead Rd. Watford.

MANOR House, Bewdley, Worcs, owned by Midland Adult School as educational and holiday centre. Joint Wardens required after Easter. Position includes private quarters in House, full board, and joint sal. of £250 p.a. Applics., stating exp. and qualifics., to Robert Woodhead, 8 Dr. Johnson Passage, Bull St. Birmingham, 4.

GIRLS' Club Leader wanted at Easter. Pref. trained with exp. and interest in training of students. Strong groups both under and over fifteen with mixed activities. An interesting job with much scope. Salary from £150 resident. Applics. within ten days of this notice with names of two refs. and copies of two testimonials to Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted summer, one man, one woman, for 7-10 year-old children. Recog. prog., co-ed., day school. Froebel trained pref. interested in activity methods. King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, needs staff —matron, domestic teachers (8 to 10 group, crafts). Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

RADIO Service Engineer and Electrician wanted; also apprentice. Good opportunity for suitable applicants. State age and full details of exp. Box 1172.

AGENTS reqd. throughout the United Kingdom for marketing high-class books in their own districts. Permanent representative, exclusive territories allotted, part-time work on generous commission terms; only educated men with good references need apply. Box 1776.

VACANCY in first-class book shop (S.W.3), new and second-hand, for man or woman with excellent knowledge of books. Experience useful. Reply in own handwriting. Box 1339.

LONDON Publishers require shorthand/typist aged 18-20, for Book Editorial Department. Hours 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. No Saturdays. Write details of education and salary required to Box 1484.

PERFECT German shorthand typist wanted by lawyers. Perm. position. Knowledge English typing an advantage. Box 1316.

NURSE-typist-companion wanted by elderly author, asthmatic. N.W. London. Willing give some domestic help. Salary and comfortable home. Prelim. interview: Miss Burlton, 30 Manchester St. London, W.1. (Wel. 2578.)

WANTED. Nurse, experienced, seeks collaboration in social development and scientific research of fully qualified nurse; male/female. Good financial prospects. Box 587.

PROFESSIONAL couple require woman to take charge of small house and 2 yr. son. Child not objected to. Box 1175.

ELDERLY capable Housekeeper wanted to run small modern house (Ealing) for family of three, no children. Experience in good cooking and housekeeping essential. Nice home and good wages offered. Would consider foreigner. Please write Box 1347.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

GRADUATE seeks occupation April and/or August, September. Some professional exp. Manual work not objected to. Box 1338.

WOMAN, 41, intd. in Soc. Welfare work & organisation, wishes to work passage to India, care children or otherwise. Box 1314.

WOMAN, 35, Hons. grad., exp. staff control correspondence, minutes, seeks interesting post, min. £400. Box 1307.

CAPABLE woman teacher, age 48, nat. Brit., fond children, psychological understanding, music, handicrafts, domesticated, shs. post as foster mother to children, private or institution. Box 1298.

POLISH Widow, knowledge languages, seeks position in/nr. London. Box 1199.

OXFORD undergraduate, scholar, wants employment, preferably abroad, mid March/April. Good refs. Box 1219.

ADAPTABLE young lady wishes to travel in capacity of secretary. Expd. Sec., sht./typg., some French, car driver. Box 1318.

PUBLISHER'S editor, Classics B.A., woman, teaching experience, writer, wide interests especially Theatre, desires London post. Consider anything. Box 1243.

POSTGRADUATE student at the London School of Economics, male, 27, experience in Administration, Adult Educ. Research, seeks post. Full time/part time. Box 1189.

Appointments Wanted—continued

PROF. man with some spare time seeks work of any kind. What offers? Box 1319.

Fellowships

HOUBLON-Norman Fund. The Trustees of the Houblon-Norman Fund invite applics. for Fellowships or Grants in aid of research into the working of financial and business institutions in Great Britain and elsewhere and the economic conditions affecting them. Apart from exceptional cases, awards will be confined to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom and will take effect from October 1, 1948. Fellowships will be awarded for one year, renewable for a second year: and the amount of all awards will depend upon the circumstances of the candidate and the likely expenses of his work. Applics. should be made by March 31 and forms of application may be obtained from Sec. of the Fund (H. C. B. Mynors), c/o Bank of England, London, E.C.2.

Scholarships

SCHOLARSHIPS for Mental Health Course. London School of Econs. and Political Science (University of London), Session 1948-49. Applics. invited from social workers for Scholarships up to £200 for a one-year course of training for Mental Health Services beginning in October. Course qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals, Neurosis Centres, Assocns. for Mental Welfare and rehabilitation work for ex-Service men and women. Candidates must already have qualified for social work by holding a Social Science Cert., a Degree followed by practical training, or other recognised equivalent. They must be aged at least 22, and pref. will be given to those between 24/35 who have been employed as social workers. Applics. for scholarships may be made now, and must be received by April 1. Further partics. from Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. W.C.2.

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Four Scholarships of the maximum value of £100, £80, £50, £30, will be offered on the results of an examination beginning on February 23. Candidates must be under 14 years of age on May 1, 1948. Music is considered as an examination subject. Last date for entry, Feb. 16. Details and application form may be obtained from Head Mistress.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

COMFORTABLE winter quarters for a couple in small Suffolk country club. Own produce—log fires, 9gns. weekly. Box 1159.

RAMSAY Hotel, Clacton. Priv. and Resid. Open all year round. Ideally situated on sea front, overlooking pier and band pavilion. 32 bedrooms, dining room seating 80. Terms on application. Tel.: Clacton 169.

NEWQUAY. Great Western Hotel. A real tonic in Winter—a mild climate, ozone laden breezes and grand seas. Perfect situation beside sea. An hotel famed for its cuisine. Large sun lounge. Cent. htg. 55 bedrooms. Fully licensed. Tel. 201011.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surrdgs., tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Grns. 82.

SEATON Beach Hotel, Seaton, N. Devon. A.A.****, R.A.C. Winter in warmth at one of Devon's best hotels. Sea front. Cocktail Lounges and Bars, Billiards, Table Tennis. Restful Lounges, Log Fires, Cent. Htg. Good shooting, Golf. Special terms extended visits. Tel. 17.

REST or quiet holidays, breakfast in bed, lovely wooded country, 5gns. Mrs. Bell, Gables, Groombridge, Sussex.

CARLYON Bay, St. Austell, S. Cornwall. Cliff Head Hotel. Few days' golfing, a week or two on honeymoon or a good rest from housekeeping. Lovely coastal scenery. Ideal comfort. Log fires. Well-warmed bedrooms. Own Talkie Projector and Table Tennis, Badminton, Squash nearby. Club Lic. Par 125.

MORRIS Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, near Farnham, Surrey, situated amid beautiful pinelands. Week-ends, Holidays or Winter Residence. Country house atmosphere. Children welcomed. H. and c. all rooms and central heating. Licensed. Write for brochure. Telephone: Frensham 362.

MANSION Hotel, Eastbourne, on Sea Front, 90 mins. from London. 100 rooms h. & c., cent. htg., fires, tel. Cosy lounges; warm comfort; outstanding cuisine; choice wines. Excellent staff give competent service. Please Tel. 557 or write Manager.

CONNEMARA, Eire. Seaside farmhouse accom. (Aug. bkd.). Bathrm., garage; recom. £3 10s. p.w. Nee, Curragh, Renvoyle, Galway.

ASHDOWN Forest. Well-appointed house, central htg. & log fires, sun terrace, Southern aspect, spacious views; billiards, comfortable lounges. Send for tariff: The Manor, Duddleswell, Sussex. 'Phone Nutley 2.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

REST and quiet holiday, lovely wooded cntry. Breakfast in bed. Terms from 5 gns. Mrs. Bell, The Gables, Groombridge, Sussex.

CORNISH fishing village, Mounts Bay. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven 271. Good food. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

N. DEVON. Lady offers country home, sole guest. Every consideration. Gd. cooking. Mod. Westbrook, Chapelton, Nr. Barnstaple.

LEE Bay Hotel, Lee, Devon. Situated in beautiful and secluded valley by sea. Rooms available for Easter and onwards. All communications: Prop., John Hamilton, Ilfracombe.

T. A. LAYTON sells Wine. Try a glass at Layton's Wine Room, 2a, Duke St. W.1 (by Manchester Sq.), Welbeck 8808 and 1864. We deliver.

Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

CORNWALL. Mullion and Lyzard area. Guest House with quiet friendly atmos. Magnificent sea views 5 mins. beach. Kennack House, Kuggar, Ruan Minor (Tel. 233.)

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

AT Notting Hill. Luxur. service rooms. Meals. Moderate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Bay. 0667.

ATTRACTIVE modern service rooms, central, beaut. equip., h. & c. B'fast or partial board. Cumberland Chambers, 49 Princes Sq. W.2. Tel. Bay. 2619.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3 gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

AN inexpensive pied-à-terre near Harrods. Furn. single service flatlets fr. 3½gns. p.w. with baths, breakfast, cent. htg., gas fires, h. & c., etc. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. Knightsbridge, S.W.3. KEN. 4367.

IN private house overlooking Regents Park (2 mins. Baker St. Stn.), comf. bed-sitting room, with breakfast, £4 4s. Box 1228.

FURN. room, St. John's Wood. Light cooking facs., use of bath, tel. Box 1173.

TO be let, charming little flat, for one quiet lady only, overlooking Hyde Park, third floor, part furnished, 75s. Box 1168.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Large furn. room, sep. kitch., use garden, garage if wanted, from middle Feb. Speedwell 7233.

SMALL s.c. flat to let for 5 days p.w. excepting week-ends. Private 'phone, bath, kitchenette, Hampstead area. Write Box 1158.

HIGHGATE, unfurn. studio room in pleasant house; rent, gas, electricity free in return help in house. Suit widow/young married couple. Write Green, 33, Queen's Ave. N.3.

LARGE room to let, W.2, with breakfast. 3gns. Refs. reqd. Box 970.

15 mins. City. Suit discriminating prof. people. Good food served in rooms, b'fast, supper, 3 meals Suns. Plsnt. decor. Doubles from 6½gns., singles from 3½gns. Permanents welcomed. Rickard, 61 Manor Park, Hither Green, S.E.13.

CULTURED widow living in own well-appointed house with garden, 15 miles N. London, has to let a flat at £2 5s. p.w. of two rooms furnished and kitchen, own meters. Prefers as tenant cheerful, elderly lady appreciating occasional mutual companionship, thus creating independent home without loneliness. Points of interest: Pacifism, Vegetarianism and all humanitarian aspects, lit., needlework, gardening, etc. Refs. exchanged. Box 1218.

S.C. service suite, double bedroom, bathrm., sitting-room, own entrance, in picturesque cottage East Sussex, offered to suitable paying guests, 4gns. weekly each. Additional room available. Box 1140.

SMALL cottage bungalow, glorious position Sussex (7 miles Rye). 2 single bed., large lounge, bath, etc. Elec. Beautifully furnished. To let till May. £2 p.w. careful tenant, or would share throughout summer congenial woman or couple. Box 1493.

SIMPLE furn. cottage in Cotswold village (Oxon.) available 1-5 mths. for 1-3 careful tenants. Gd. water, elec.; domestic help if reqd. Miss Lee, 77 Banbury Rd. Oxon.

CHEDDAR, to let permanently 2 small furnished rooms, modern house, no attendance. Box 1242.

EXCHANGE 8-roomed house N.W. suburb, for smaller house/bung./flat. Good access City within hour essntl. BM/GNVR, W.C.1.

EXCHANGE Flats. 3 living rs., k., bathroom, c.h.w., s.c. maisonette, W.1, near Reg. Pk. Controlled rent 30s. weekly tenancy. Wish exchange for flat, house, garden, higher rent, sale, anywhere London County. Box 1170.

VERY desperately wanted by five male ex-Service students, unfurnished or partly furnished 5-room flat. Box 1166.

TWO unsociable Socialists (young couple) urgently need small unfurnished flat in quiet house, London. Box 1235.

HOSPITAL Doctor requires most urgently unfurnished flat, London, 2/3 rooms. No premium. Box 1273.

2-ROOM flat with kit. and bathroom. Send particulars to 3 Alvanley Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6, or 'phone HAMpstead 3909.

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